

# The SIGN



NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



AMERICAN COMMUNIST IN SPAIN - - William Ryan  
CHRIST THE WORKER - - - - - William J. Smith  
SCUTTLING THE F.C.C. - - - - - Kathleen C. Bennett  
PUTTING CHRIST ON THE SPOT - - - Damian Reid  
STAGE AND SCREEN - - - - - Jerry Cotter  
FEUD ON THE HIGH SEAS - - - - - Francis Sibson  
JUSTICE FOR IRELAND - - - - - Eileen MacCarthy

JUNE, 1939

PRICE 20c



BLACK STAR PHOTO

# Graduation Is A Beginning

## Help Them To Use It

THE SIGN



Union City - N. J.

June is a month of achievement for many of your friends and acquaintances. Thousands of eager young Catholics will step out of high school or college to win their place in life. Reading will play an important part in forming their characters and their careers. We suggest that an excellent gift from you to the young graduates you know would be a subscription to THE SIGN. It will be helpful and appreciated and will solve the question of what to give them. A special gift card will be sent at your request. Subscription price: one year, \$2.00; three years, \$5.00.

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# The SIGN



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## CONTENTS

### ARTICLES

AMERICAN COMMUNIST'S ADVENTURE IN SPAIN	
William G. Ryan	647
CRUSADING FOR CHRIST THE WORKER	William J. Smith, S.J.
	651
SCUTTLING THE F. C. C.	Kathleen C. Bennett
	653
IRELAND AND DEMOCRATIC JUSTICE	Eileen M. MacCarthy
	661
APARTMENT FOR RENT	John J. O'Connor
	664
STAGE AND SCREEN	Jerry Cotter
	666
THE DUEL OF GOOD AND EVIL	Hilaire Belloc
	669
PUTTING CHRIST ON THE SPOT	Damian Reid, C.P.
	680
RETREATS FOR WOMEN	Margaret Chanler
	687

### EDITORIALS

THE PROMISE OF PEACE	Theophane Maguire, C.P.
	643
CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT	
	644

### SHORT STORIES

FEUD ON THE HIGH SEAS	Francis H. Sibson
	656
EVE AND THE APPLE DUMPLING	Enid Dinnis
	683

### THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

SR. M. JOSEPH CHANG'S DEATH	Sr. Ethelberta
	671
THE NEW CHINA	Quentin Olwell, C.P.
	673
I LEARN TO WALK	James Lambert, C.P.
	676

### FEATURES—DEPARTMENTS

PERSONAL MENTION	
	642
CONSTANCY—Poem	Sr. Miriam, R.S.M.
	654
WOMAN TO WOMAN	Katherine Burton
	679
THE SIGN-POST: QUESTIONS AND LETTERS	
	689
CATEGORICA	
	695
BOOKS	
	698
GEMMA'S LEAGUE—ARCHCONFRATERNITY	
	704



# Personal MENTION

• **THERE WILL BE A GOOD DEAL OF** now-it-can-be-told writing about the Spanish War. The release of such material will serve the purpose, it is hoped, of uncovering the facts behind the propaganda served so generously by Loyalist sources. Typical of the experiences of young men from the United States is the story of disillusion, *American Communist's Adventure in Spain*, by WILLIAM G. RYAN.

• **SUSPICIOUS OF THE FORCES** which aimed at the *Scuttling of the F.C.C.*, KATHLEEN C. BENNETT devoted considerable time to research and to personal interviews. She presents, in her current article, her findings on the important subject of communications control—especially that of the great and growing radio industry. Her subject is one which is being vehemently discussed, and one which will bear close watching.

• **Crusading for Christ the Worker**, FR. WILLIAM J. SMITH, S.J. is pleading for the protection of the laboring man from those who would take advantage of the



Rev. William Smith, S.J.



Margaret Chanler

worker's plight. His direction of attention to the Divine Master as a Model is undoubtedly timely.

As a youth the author attended Canisius College in his home city, Buffalo, N. Y. He entered the Society of Jesus and was ordained in 1932. While busy in the Legion of Decency Campaign there, he was also engaged in teaching and writing. Two books for boys, several pamphlets and

a number of magazine articles are evidences of his activity. He is at present lecturing and is Director of the Crown Heights (Brooklyn, N. Y.) School of Catholic Workmen.

• **POPE PIUS IX WAS STILL** in possession of the Papal States when MARGARET CHANLER was born in Rome. Educated at the home of her Protestant parents by private tutors, she later took her degree in music at the Roman Conservatory of St. Cecilia. In her teens she went through a period of agnosticism, but not long afterwards entered the Church. Married in 1886, she came to America with

her husband. She had eight children, and is now proud of her twenty-two grandchildren—two of whom are adopted.

This month she has done a short piece on the spirit behind *Retreats for Women*. Her volume of memories, *Roman Spring*, was published in 1934. *Autumn in the Valley* appeared two years later. Recently she translated Gertrude von Le Fort's *Hymns to the Church*.

• **THE FEW NOTES** given us by EILEEN MACCARTHY hardly give her right to the title with which she prefaced them—"The autobiography of a nobody." One of ten children—seven of whom studied at the National University of Ireland—she was born in Cork. Fortified with degrees, she taught in England, Italy, France and Egypt. It is very natural that she discusses *Ireland and Democratic Justice*.

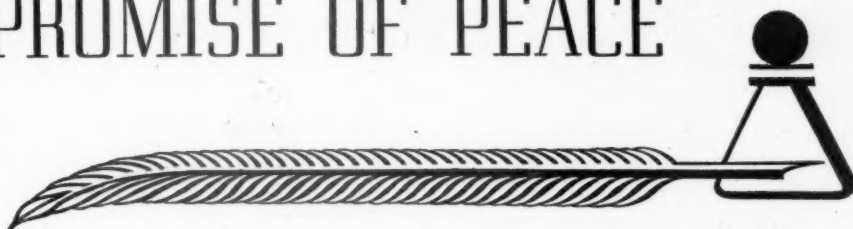


Eileen M. MacCarthy



# EDITORIAL

## THE PROMISE OF PEACE



CROWDED off the stage of world affairs these many months by strutting militarists and bewildered diplomats, confidence and hope are timidly emerging from behind the scenes. Their appearance is in response to popular demand. Some turn in the world's drama may send them hurrying off, but the hope is that they will play the most prominent parts.

While the nations continue to rearm and to speak of war, the unmistakable current in most lands has been in the direction of peace. It is interesting to observe the calmer note in which some of the leaders of men have spoken. Fear of determined resistance or of internal rebellion may be behind this change. Whatever the reason, tension has been relieved as shoutings and threats have subsided.

In our own country there has been a growing movement for a neutrality stand to keep us out of conflict. Men and women are trying to sift war propaganda from legitimate patriotism. They are asking themselves and their representatives in Washington—what reasonable motive can be offered for us to become involved in foreign wars? What good did we gain from our sacrifices in the World War? How have our allies treated us since that appalling holocaust? Why are we committed to defend what Congress did not sanction?

ONE fact which has not been emphasized, but which must in some way be influencing this strong demand for neutrality and non-interference, is that some of our own leaders would prepare us to fight for countries which have not expressed the faintest promise of fighting for us! And if that promise has been withheld because of the obvious fact that we are not in danger of being attacked, then why have we been so alarmed?

Not the least factor in this general movement to eliminate fear and to shatter the illusion that war is inevitable, has been the Holy Father's plea for peace. The world-wide petition to the Mother of Christ which has been offered during May by the Catholics of all nations has supported that plea before the Throne of God. It has made vocal the unspoken prayers of all races and all creeds that Providence might save the sons of men from mutual, beastly slaughter.

That petition should be unending. All men are not men of good-will. It would be the most disastrous of mistakes to suppose that human nature will not con-

tinue to be weak and selfish and perversely stupid. At this very moment a campaign is being waged against the Church here in our own country. "Catholicism vs. Democracy" is the general refrain which is being played with variations to suit the ear of different audiences. We are held up as being in sympathy with the pet hates of the times. In fact a few of our more ambitious antagonists accuse the Church of being the inspirer of the totalitarian regimes under which (for reasons not given) she now suffers so intensely.

Vigilance and alertness to these attacks will help to promote and to preserve peace. Mere ridicule of those who are responsible for such unfair tactics is neither a defense nor an answer. Our position is known to some of the wilfully malicious. It is not known to great multitudes who have scarcely any contact with Catholic ideals and principles. And it might be well to remind ourselves that we Catholics do not really know our own ideals until we are able to express them accurately.

A PRACTICAL schedule which promises to clear away hazy notions and to spread a knowledge of the Church's relations to democracy has been undertaken by the National Crusade for God in Government. It was inspired by the address of the late Pope Pius on the occasion of the Catholic University's jubilee year. More than ten thousand Catholic schools are to have expanded courses in civics, sociology and economics, on the basis of true Christian democracy.

This project will affect far greater numbers than those who are being taught directly. The information which is to be given to students will be available to others. It is intended to form a "cultural point of view based upon Christ's teachings, creative of sound Catholic citizenship, and to equip the citizen to meet without harm the haphazard secular misrepresentations of the press and other informational agencies."

Such movements will have the enthusiastic support of Catholics who have the peace of their country and of the world at heart. In making the Church's teachings known to our fellow-citizens we shall be rendering them a priceless service.

*Father Theophane Maguire S.J.*



# Current FACT AND COMMENT

ON MAY 23RD the Archdiocese of New York welcomed its new Archbishop in the person of the Most Reverend Francis J. Spellman. The appointment of so distinguished a churchman was a source of personal joy to the Cardinal, the priests and the people of the Archdiocese of Boston, where he is regarded

## Welcome to Archbishop Spellman

with deep reverence and affection. The Archdiocese of New York is deeply gratified in receiving for its Shepherd one so closely bound to the Holy Father, and a Bishop so well beloved for his scholarly attainments, his statesmanship in ecclesiastical affairs and his affectionate loyalty to Holy Mother Church.

A long and intimate association with the affairs of the Church in close contact with the late and the present Holy Fathers has given the Archbishop of New York a profound insight and a fund of knowledge invaluable in the work which now begins for him as head of the largest See in the Church. He is a Bachelor of Arts, a Doctor of Laws and a Doctor of Sacred Theology. He has had the practical experience of various curacies in the Archdiocese of Boston, and for seven years was Director of Catholic Literature, circulation manager and member of the editorial staff of *The Pilot*, of the Archdiocese of Boston.

He was the first American Bishop to be consecrated in the Vatican Basilica, and he was consecrated by the present Holy Father himself, then Cardinal Pacelli.

So the choice of Archbishop Spellman for the See of New York has everything of distinction and honor belonging to such a choice, and withal it brings to the priests and people of the highly favored Archdiocese a priest and a shepherd who will walk before them in the ways of God, and a friend whom they will come with ease to love and admire.

May his reign be long and fruitful.

AT FIRST glance one gets the impression that Soviet foreign policy is something profound and enigmatic. The Russian bear looks out upon the European scene

## Soviet Foreign Policy

—even more than the statesmen of other nations—are so accustomed to dissembling and concealment that it is second nature for them to express themselves in reverse, even on the simplest subjects. The Nazis select an objective and attack it. The Reds, by Trojan-horse tactics, by taking advantage of political and racial differences, and by exploiting domestic difficulties, weaken a foe

from his vast eastern steppes with a gaze as stolid and impenetrable as that of the Egyptian sphinx. The directors of Soviet foreign policy

behind his own lines and then stab him in the back.

What are the aims at present of Soviet foreign policy? These aims have been clear enough for some time past—nor have they been modified by the dropping of Maxim Litvinov from the foreign ministry. This act was in line with the policy in force for some years now, of dropping Jews from important posts in the government. Soviet Russia wants an iron-bound alliance with Britain and France—one that will force these countries to fight to protect Red territory from aggression. Whether she will get all she wants is not yet settled at the time these lines are written. She is in a good bargaining position, however, and it appears at the moment that, in spite of the fact that Stalin, lord and master of all the Russias, far out-Hitlers Hitler in cruelty and bloodthirstiness, he and his Communists will be welcomed as the ally of France and Britain.

It is evident to any intelligent observer of European affairs that Mussolini is telling the truth when he says he does not want war. Even Hitler, who bluffs and

## Who Wants War?

blusters to get what he wants, makes sure to stop short of the final step that would lead to war, knowing very well, in spite of all his boasting about armaments, that in a war the odds would be heavy against Germany. Hitler has played his hand for a great deal more than it is worth, and he is clever enough to know that his bluff is now being called.

But Soviet Russia, in spite of all her vocalized love of peace, in spite of all her pretenses and shams and tergiversations, is the one country that does want war. Not a war, be it understood, in which she would be engaged to any great extent and with risk to herself. What she wants is a war that would involve the western powers. That has long been one of the principal aims of the Comintern. That is the aim of all true believers in Communism.

Communism arose in Russia from the ruins and exhaustion of war. It nearly succeeded in Italy and Germany as a result of war. It is the hope and belief of Stalin and his advisers that a war among the western powers, from which Russia could keep aloof or in which she would engage but slightly, would accomplish the ruin of both capitalism and western civilization and leave the ground free for Communism and its "culture." At least, the western powers would be so weakened that Russia would enjoy predominance in Europe.

An iron-clad alliance with Britain and France would mean that these countries would have to fight for the Soviets. It would then be to Russia's advantage to provoke an incident.

We Americans should remember this when we are urged to align ourselves with Britain and France in any forthcoming war.

IN ARRANGING A PACT with the Soviets, Britain has in view the fact that Russia undoubtedly possesses vast reserves of men and supplies. British statesmen should

### Russia— Gain or Loss?

realize, however, that it is doubtful to what extent these reserves would be made available in time of war. They must know too that it is a gamble whether these material resources would outweigh the effects which fear and hatred of the Reds would arouse in certain countries.

Fear of Soviet Russia is not confined to her immediate neighbors. Portugal, Spain and Yugoslavia share it with Poland, Rumania and the Baltic countries. These countries realize that it is dangerous to call in an assassin from the East to protect them from a burglar from the West. And it is too soon to write Italy off the books as hopelessly lost to the Nazis. What happened in 1915 may happen again—if the Communists can be excluded. Many who are now friendly or neutral may be drawn into the enemy camp by fear of the Red Colossus of the East.

A vast number of Americans would be alienated from sympathy with Britain and France by any alliance with Soviet Russia. Catholics would find it morally reprehensible to participate in a war on the side of the Soviets. The Most Reverend John Duffy, Bishop of Buffalo, was expressing the Catholic mind on the subject when he declared that if the United States were maneuvered into a war and had atheistic Russia as an ally he would tell Catholic youth not to join in such a conflict. His Excellency had very good grounds for such an assertion. Pope Pius XI in his Encyclical on *Atheistic Communism* declared: "Communism is intrinsically wrong, and no one who would save Christian civilization may collaborate with it in any undertaking whatsoever."

THE ALIENATION of Italy by France and Britain was the most stupid blunder of post-war diplomacy. Taking its cue from the peace ballot of the League of Nations

### The Europe That Might Be

Union, the Baldwin-Eden government in England brought pressure on France to oppose Italy in the Ethiopian adventure. Later the Popular Front government of France continued and strengthened the anti-Italian policy. The result was that Italy turned to Germany and the Rome-Berlin axis was forged. This so weakened the opposition to Germany that Hitler has been able to re-militarize the Rhineland, to annex Austria, the Sudetenland and Memel, and to subjugate Czechoslovakia. For all of this—and the present situation which results from it—Britain and France can thank the stupidity of the statesmen who directed their foreign policy, chief among them Anthony Eden and Léon Blum.

The result is that Britain and France now feel it necessary to seek Russian co-operation where as a matter of fact they could and should be allied with Spain and Italy. In spite of differences in form of regime and in

interests, there is much more in common between Britain and France on the one hand, and Spain and Italy on the other, than there is between Germany and Italy or between France and Russia. The natural alliance in Europe today would be between Prussianized and Nazified Germany and Communist Russia. Neither Prussia nor Russia ever deeply absorbed the Christian civilization of the West which has molded the other great countries of Europe, and both today are governed by anti-Christian and semi-barbarous regimes, which in spite of all external appearances are fundamentally very little different from one another.

We may be accused of wishful thinking, but it is our opinion that even now, in spite of the fact that the Rome-Berlin Axis is being forged into a political and military alliance, Mussolini could be won away from Hitler. There is a traditional antipathy and mistrust between the German and Italian peoples, and Mussolini is tired of playing the junior partner of a coalition in which Hitler reaps the advantages.

If the Rome-Berlin Axis is to be broken, it can be done only by extremely able diplomacy and by a willingness on the part of Britain and France to make sacrifices. Success in such a venture would be worth sacrifices. It would be the greatest political event of our generation and would help protect Europe and the world from the brutal and anti-Christian forces of both Nazism and Communism.

NEW YORK CITY has had another "mercy" killing. Louis Greenfield killed his sixteen-year-old son, Jerry, on January 12th with fifty cents' worth of chloroform. Mr.

### Another "Mercy" Killing

Greenfield gave himself up and was tried before a jury. His defense was that Jerry was an imbecile and that neither he nor his wife could stand the suffering of their son any longer. He was recently acquitted.

Questioned on the witness stand by his attorney, Samuel Leibowitz, the father defended his action by saying that he knew it "was against the law of man but not against the law of God." When his attorney asked, "why do you say that?" Greenfield answered, "because God urged me to kill him."

The daily sight of an imbecile son must be a very heavy trial to any married couple. But no matter how heavy their burden, they may not escape it by slaying their offspring. They simply have not the right. Deliberately to take away the life of an innocent human being is contrary to every law—natural, divine and human. Only God is Lord of life, Who "killeth and maketh to live."

"Mercy" killing is but a fancy name for deliberate murder. One's motive cannot change the nature of the act. It is wrong in itself and may never be permitted. The mind of a parent in such circumstances may become unhinged, but the act he commits is and always must be objectively a grave violation of the natural law. To say in one's defense that "God urged me to do it," argues either a deranged mind or a contemptible subterfuge. God's express command is, "the innocent and just person thou shalt not put to death" (Ex. 23:7). And this command is written on the heart of every normal human being.



WHETHER by accident or design, an article by Foster Kennedy, M.D., of Bellevue Hospital, appeared in *Collier's* a week or so after the jury had acquitted Louis

### Suggested Solution

Greenfield, which proposed "euthanasia" for "creatures born defective, whose present condition is miserable and whose future, in the opinion of a properly constituted board acting under State authority, is hopeless."

Euthanasia, properly speaking, means "good or easy dying" but it has been usurped to cover "easy or merciful death," just as the defenders of unnatural contraception have termed its use "birth control."

Dr. Kennedy would not resort to mercy murder in the case of those who "were once well and are now ill, even though incurably ill," but only for born defectives for whom no cure is to be hoped.

His proposal can no more be entertained than Mr. Greenfield's defense, for it comes squarely up against the prohibition of the natural law, which always and everywhere forbids the direct killing of the innocent. No civil law has any validity when it goes counter to the natural law. God, not man, is the Arbiter of life and death. No man may with impunity usurp that divine prerogative. The end, no matter how well meant, does not justify the means used to attain it. There are doubtless "hard" cases in medicine, but it is contrary to reason and the natural law to solve them by taking shortcuts which directly violate the fundamental principle of human life. The commandment against taking the life of the innocent allows of no exception in favor of physicians and parents, or any one else, who desire to do away with imbeciles and incurables.

ON JUNE 5th, 1839, at Bruges in Belgium, the Congregation of the Brothers of St. Francis Xavier came into being through the divinely blessed efforts of Theodore

### Brothers of St. Francis Xavier

Ryken, later known in the Congregation which he founded as Brother Francis Xavier. This year the Xaverian Brothers, as the members of this congregation are usually called, are celebrating the centennial year of their foundation.

And these religious may well celebrate—with a just and holy pride in their accomplishments. The movement which Brother Francis Xavier initiated gained momentum as it moved along, and through it hundreds of devoted young men pledged their lives and endeavors to the heroic work of educating Catholic youth. From Belgium they branched out to England, and in 1854 the founder with six Brothers came to America and settled in Louisville, Kentucky. God was with their work and it flourished, so that today in the American province alone there are 332 Brothers in charge of 28 schools, with an enrollment of 9102 students.

No more important work can be done for the Church in these days of increasing religious indifference than that of giving youth a Catholic education. It is to this task that the Brothers of St. Francis Xavier are called. It is this task that they have been accomplishing for a hundred glorious years. We join with them in their rejoicing on this occasion and offer them our sincere congratulations and our best wishes for the future.

IT WAS REGRETTABLE that circumstances made it impossible for Mr. De Valera, Premier of Eire, to come to America for the opening of the Irish exhibits at the

### Ireland and Conscription

World's Fair. Business of extraordinary importance required his presence at home. That business was the question of conscription—especially in Northern Ireland, where Lord Craigavon by a peculiar misuse of logic demanded it as a right.

Mr. De Valera's efforts were successful, much to the annoyance of Lord Craigavon and his fellow Orangemen. Conscription does not apply to Northern Ireland, although it can be extended to that territory at any time by Order in Council.

The attitude of the Catholics of Northern Ireland is very well expressed in a statement by Cardinal MacRory and the Bishops of the dioceses of Northern Ireland: "We are convinced that any attempt to impose conscription here would be disastrous. Our people have been already subjected to the gravest injustice in being cut off from one of the oldest nations in Europe and in being deprived of their fundamental rights as citizens in their own land. In such circumstances to compel them to fight for their oppressor would be likely to rouse them to indignation and resistance. It would be regarded by Irishmen not only in the Six Counties, but in Eire and throughout the world wherever they are found, as an outrage on the national feeling."

In fact it would be to Britain's advantage to go further than merely refuse to apply conscription to Northern Ireland. She would gain in Irish good will and in world esteem if she would remove the Irish Partition which has created one of the really "bleeding frontiers" on the map of modern Europe.

BELONGING to the Church and being a real Christian are not the same thing. Not until the heart is touched and one enters into the mind of Christ does one begin

### The Spirit of Christianity

to be a real Christian. The real Christians are the saints, both those who have been canonized and the many, many more who are not canonized. One characteristic all true Christians have in common is that they are not afraid to suffer for the Name of Christ. They feel pain like others but they know for whom they suffer and for what end.

Recently Father Wilcock, a Jesuit who embraced the Eastern Rite in order to evangelize the Russians, spoke in Manchester, England. He revealed the means by which the Faith was kept among the few Catholics still alive there. Many were imprisoned and suffered all manner of persecution. "Despite all the persecution and hardship," said Fr. Wilcock, "all the Bishops, priests and nuns who came out of prison said they spent the happiest days of their lives there suffering for Our Lord. In England most people seem to think you can only be happy if you have cinemas, distractions, and the like." The spirit of the Apostles is not dead. They went forth from the scourging inflicted on them by the Sanhedrin, "rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer for the Name of Jesus." God does not call many of us to the heights of heroism, but He does call upon us to be more than passive, weak-kneed Catholics.

# AMERICAN COMMUNIST'S ADVENTURE IN SPAIN

By WILLIAM G. RYAN

**L**ENIN stabbed his pencil into the map of Europe. "There's the next Communist country," he remarked tersely, twisting the sharp point of the pencil exactly in the center of the Iberian Peninsula.

The little Russian Mohammed of Allah Marx was right. Thirteen years after his mummified corpse had been laid in its unquiet resting place, to receive the awe-stricken homage of the revolutionary faithful, a Communist baby burst from the Spanish integument and began bawling lustily for a diet of blood. The infant grew rapidly and developed precociously, and before the end of its short life had become as savage and brutal, if not as strong, as its monstrous parent.

As a soldier serving in the Communist-recruited and controlled International Brigades, the writer had an opportunity to observe through seventeen bitter and blood-drenched months the technique employed in riveting the chains of Communism on an unwilling

people — concentration camps for those who dif-

fered in some slight degree from orthodox Stalinism, secret police on the Ogpu model (called in Spain S.I.M.—Servicio Intelligencia Militar), terror, intrigue, ramified spy system, denunciations, disappearances, witch trials, formal and informal executions in plenty—all of the things which Russians have learned to know so well became the

commonplaces of everyday life in Stalinist Spain.

The amazing thing is not that the Communists were able to gain control in Spain, but that they were able to keep the fact from the outside world until their downfall. The Communist Parties of every civilized country recruited and sent to Spain at least 150,000 men. In the United States alone approximately 5,000 men were recruited, 4,000 of whom, to quote the graphic words of *The Volunteer For Liberty*, erstwhile official organ of the English-speaking sections of the International Brigades, are now enriching the soil of Spain.

More Americans met their death in Spain than in the War for Independence and the Mexican War of

their clergy murdered, were boldly called upon to aid the Communist cause and in many cases responded.

It is indeed a significant commentary on the gullibility of mankind that Communist-controlled front organizations such as the American Society for Technical Aid to Spanish Democracy (through which the writer enlisted), The North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, The American League for Peace and Democracy, and The Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, to mention a few of the better-known front and stooge groups, could openly and actively carry on recruiting of Americans for service in a foreign army in direct defiance of the laws of their country without ex-

citing a word of protest, let alone a serious attempt to call an immediate

halt to their illegal operations.

In the past few months the writer has had a good deal of experience with that tortuous mystery, the "liberal" mind. Many times people of this peculiar persuasion have informed me gravely that I must be exaggerating, that Loyalist Spain was a democracy, that the Communists were nothing more than an integral



Authenticated News Photo

*An American volunteer of the International Brigades in the front-line trenches*

***An American Communist Who Went to Spain to Fight for "Democracy" Tells the Story of What He Saw in Red Territory***

1848 combined. Millions of dollars were collected to be used in an attempt to establish another Soviet State. Church people, liberals of every shade and stripe, who would very quickly have discovered the firing squad or the concentration camp in so-called Loyalist Spain, blithely contributed. Even Catholics, while their churches were being destroyed and



part of the Popular Front against Fascism, that they were as devoted to democracy and as innocent of ulterior designs as one could wish. Had not Mr. Earl Browder repeatedly declared that Communism was nothing more or less than twentieth century Americanism? Were not the new party heroes Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Paul Revere? Surely it was common knowledge that the line of the Party had changed. *The Daily Record*, Midwest organ of the Party, styled itself a progressive, New Deal daily, and carried at its masthead not the hammer and sickle, but the Statue of Liberty.

In any case, war was horrible, they said—a few excesses were naturally to be expected. Brushing aside the disquieting reports that filtered through as the outbursts of disgruntled individuals or the mendacities of Fascist spies, they retired behind a protecting wall of wishful thinking, assiduously read the Party press, listened to the pep talks of the hired stooges on tour, lionized and fêted the returned “heroes” of the Lincoln Battalion, and remained firm in their conviction that all was sweetness, light and democracy in far-off Loyalist Spain.

The romantic tales of men like the negro Communist Central Executive Committee member, who after three days at the front shot himself in the hand and came back to America as a hand-picked hero to speed up recruiting and the collection of funds, thrilled them mightily and wrapped their respectable, well-fed bourgeois bodies in a warm cloak of vicarious glory.

The contempt in which the Party members held their bourgeois liberal “angels” was boundless. The doddering dowagers, the economics-saturated professors, the emotional debutantes who filled the party war chests with clanking gold, were unanimously regarded as fools whose only possible function in the new order would be the filling of graves. The naïve simplicity with which they swallowed the democracy hook was the source of many a belly laugh. Bourgeois democracy indeed! We were fighting for a Soviet Spain and everyone not a hopeless idiot knew it. For years the remark of the leader quoted at the beginning of this article had been bruited about in the esoteric inner party circles—always accompanied by a satisfied smacking

of lips. The hour had struck; the prophecy of Lenin was in the process of fulfillment; Spain was to be the next Communist country!

The democratic ballyhoo was necessary for home consumption; but in Spain the founding fathers were quickly put back in a dark corner of the shelf along with the other dust-covered toys of the capricious “Party line.” The rugged features of the rail-splitter were supplanted by the inscrutable Asiatic contours of the Georgian assassin in the Kremlin. Stalin’s (Russian for steel) face stared from every wall and window with an expression as cold and hard as his name. The Statue of Liberty became a dim memory and the temporarily side-tracked hammer and sickle was switched back on the main line.

We were through with bourgeois sentimentality. No one doubted that. We marched over the twisted mountain trails of rugged Catalonia from bloody front to bloody front roaring the official marching song:

*Twenty long years into history  
have passed  
Since Red revolt was victorious;  
Lenin called and to victory led  
on—*

*Forward Chapayev, the partisan!*

*Red beacon light that in Russia  
is bright,  
Still shining strong in the dark  
of the night;  
Sons of the masses forever we’ll  
be—  
Forward, Red soldiers, to victory!*

Strange words these on the lips of an American army concerned only with the preservation of democracy.

The writer served in Spain with the English and Abraham Lincoln Battalions, taking part in every action in which his units engaged from the Battle of Brunete to Ganceda as a common soldier in the front-line trenches. A detailed ac-

*A member of the International Brigades wearing the Communist insignia*



*Authenticated News Photo*

count of the mass executions without trial which he witnessed personally, the casual murders and disappearances, the wanton destruction of churches, would require a great deal more space than is available in the entire issue of this magazine. A single instance must suffice to give the reader a general idea of the *modus operandi* employed by the Reds in these frequent affairs.

In late August, 1937, the Russian General Staff of our army had decided to attempt the capture of Saragossa, Franco's northern base and the largest city in the territory then controlled by him. The purpose of the drive was twofold—to relieve pressure on the Basque country, and to activate the Catalonians, who were far from enthusiastic about the war, by carrying it into their country and forcing them to fight Franco whether they wished or not.

The Catalonians, largely Anarchists politically, hated the Communists, resented their control of the government, and had attempted to call a

halt to Communist domination of Catalonia by resisting the unified (under Communist leadership, of course) command. After a single short and abortive revolt in May, 1937, they grew progressively weaker and were eventually reduced to complete impotence. However, their forces were considered to be unreliable. They could not be made to attack Franco and he refrained from attacking them very vigorously. An impasse resulted with the Catalanian Army to all intents and purposes out of the war as an active force.

Our generals were resolved to change this state of affairs by starting an offensive in Catalonia. The International Brigades, the only dependable troops in the Loyalist Army, were as usual slated for the role of shock troops. French, English, Polish, Hungarian, German, Italian (we had German and Italian Brigades composed of expatriates from those countries), Swedish, Dutch and other Internationals were concentrated in the vicinity of Quinto, Belchite, and Mediana, strongly fortified towns blocking the road to Saragossa.

My battalion (the English) was assigned to the attack on Quinto. After two days of fierce fighting Franco's forces in the town proper were defeated, but they continued to hold a high and well-fortified hill on one side of the Saragossa road. The place, Purburell, was a veritable Gibraltar, extremely steep and surrounded on all sides by flat open plains. We were told, however, that

it would be easy to capture as there were not more than thirty Fascists defending it.

A single battalion (the English) was sent over the top to take the place by assault, with the result that we were almost completely wiped out in the first few minutes. One company, composed of 110 men, lost 60, killed in less than five minutes. Our Red Napoleons were not dismayed, however. They were determined to take the hill gloriously if it cost the last drop of our blood—the expression is one of which the political commissars were very fond; they managed to bring “the last drop of blood” phrase into every speech at least once.

Replacements were brought up and a circle of the latest model Russian and French tanks were thrown around the hill. (The embargo, which served so well as a means of awakening sympathy in the outside world, was far from being effective, and was consistently evaded. French, English, Russian, American, Czech, and other military supplies and equipment came over the French border and into the harbors in ships in sufficient quantities to keep the Spanish Loyalist armies well armed and equipped at all times. The writer saw the supplies coming over the border and into the harbors on many occasions.) Then a heavy bombardment began.

The position was defended bravely, and two more attempts to carry it by assault resulted only in heavy loss of life. It was boiling hot weather

however and the defenders had been cut off from the water supply for three days. When it became obvious to them that no help from the outside could be expected they decided to surrender, and raised the white flag. Our leaders would have none of this. They ordered us to go on firing and attacking. They seemed to think it would be far more revolutionary and glorious to have us storm the heights than take them in such a tame manner.

When the flag of surrender had been raised three more times and our own forces were showing a marked aversion to further adventuring in the open fields under the terrific hail of deadly machine-gun fire, the Voroshilovs in distant and deep dugouts reluctantly agreed to accept the surrender.

We struggled up the difficult heights to disarm the prisoners, who streamed out of their trenches and dugouts with arms spread wide. Another young Irish-American and myself were among the first to reach the summit of the hill and as a gruesome reward for our enterprise we wit-



Political information class behind the “Loyalist” front lines. Need less to say, the “political information” given was Communistic

Authenticated News Photo

nessed from a distance of four or five yards the first suicides. Two majors and a captain of the enemy forces drew their revolvers and shot themselves neatly in the head, or to be more exact the two majors did it neatly. The captain, a handsome young fellow, called out, "*Arriba España! Viva Franco!*" and, perhaps because we were very close, shot badly upward through his throat and jaw. He lived a few minutes thrashing about and making a peculiar moaning sound while a great bubble of blood rose from his lips, spread and burst in a fine red spray.

The prisoners were taken down the hill to the gleefully waiting Spanish reserves, who had taken no part in the actual fighting. All of the officers from sergeant up were herded together and the reserves opened fire, everyone firing until his magazine was empty and some reloading and sending a few more shots into the quivering bodies at close range. We had taken 450 prisoners and 40 machine guns on the hill which had been told was garrisoned by 30 men.

About fifty men were executed, including an aged priest and a doctor. Some of the executed men had lifted their arms in the Franco salute and shouted, "*Arriba España! Viva Franco!*" before dying and others had fallen on their knees to pray. It was a scene which I was to see often repeated with variations, but one which did much to plant the seeds of doubt in my mind. Whenever I pick up the Party newspapers and magazines to find them shrieking their indignation over the Franco executions of Loyalist secret police and officials who failed to escape from government territory in the general exodus of Red leaders which followed defeat, I think of that scene.

THE most bitter irony of it all is that the important criminals have escaped the hand of retribution. Dr. Negrin, the Moscow puppet, José Diaz, General Secretary of the Spanish Communist Party, Alvarez Del Vayo, La Passionaria, the author of the oft-quoted remark that "it is better to die standing than live on your knees," all those who were loudest in their exhortations to the people to fight "to the last drop of blood," took good care to depart hastily as soon as the shadow of personal danger appeared.

An outstanding feature of the Stalinist regime in Spain was the concentration camp. The current widespread indignation directed against Nazi concentration camps, while highly commendable in most cases, loses much of its force for me when it proceeds from certain quarters. I hold no brief for Herr Hitler. I am opposed to persecution wherever it rears its ugly head, but I must confess that the people who fulminate most vehemently on the subject try my patience sorely. The motives of those who wax wroth at Hitler and coolly accept concentration camps, mass executions, and torture as revolutionary, or, if you please, democratic necessities in Soviet Russia or Loyalist Spain, are questionable to say the least.

The writer is fairly familiar with concentration camps, not from lurid accounts in sensational papers, or motion pictures ostensibly smuggled out of Germany, but from first-hand observation in Loyalist Spain. I have never seen any of Herr Hitler's numerous concentration camps, but I did see the infamous Stalinist open-air prison, Camp Lucas, a horrible pest hole in which hundreds who refused to accept the Stalinist doctrines *in toto*, or were suspected of political dissidence, rotted and died like neglected animals without hope or benefit of clergy. I did see the barbed-wire stockades in Benisa and elsewhere. I did escape from a medieval prison where men were packed into a dark stone cell so tightly that they were unable to sit or lie down, and kept there for days.

Imagine a bare rocky field devoid of trees, bushes, or any vegetation other than an occasional clump of thorny grass; enclose the area in barbed wire; herd a few hundred ragged, bewhiskered, wild-looking men of many nations into it; give them a thin blanket apiece and station a number of rifle-bearing guards outside the wire. Then keep them there for months and months without shade or shelter in all kinds of weather, everyone alive with vermin, all denied tobacco, fed intermittently with frequent two and three day lapses between scanty meals; cut them off from all contact with the outside world except for a weekly visit and speech from a political commissar bearing in his rigid mind only the latest pronunciamento from the Kremlin; paint

this picture in your mind and you have available for ready reference a facsimile of a typical Stalinist concentration camp in Spain.

The writer has had close-ups of many such places. He asks indulgence for a tendency to analyze tears for traces of crocodile origin when they are shed too copiously in certain "liberal" circles over the victims of persecution.

RECENTLY the writer delivered a lecture to an audience of college students and teachers. After an hour's talk in which Spanish experiences were covered far more fully than in this article a young man arose and asked, "How is it that you went to fight for Loyalist Spain and are now against her?"

That question is most interesting as a commentary on logical thought processes, but it is, strange to say, one which is asked frequently. I went to fight in Spain because I was a Communist who believed that the Stalinist doctrines offered, and would eventually give, a better world to all mankind. I was quite prepared for a little ruthlessness. Marx had said, "Force is the mid-wife of old societies pregnant with new life."

But there is a wide gulf between theory and practice. I found myself unable to bridge or leap the chasm. The stew served up by the Stalinist chefs in Spain was too peppery for me to swallow. The metamorphosis in the comrades after they had gulped the heady draught of power was startling, comparable to the transformation of the queen of Walt Disney's "Snow White" into the wicked witch. It became more and more difficult for me to justify the means by the misty end which retreated before me like a dim mirage.

The humanitarian aims and ideals of Communism with which I was concerned were so obviously remote from the thoughts of the commissars, that the impression grew that to them Communism was nothing but a means to power, a ladder with which to mount the backs of the suffering masses. I began to detect homely virtues in despised democracy. In the green pastures I found a plethora of thorns and I have returned to the old field to tell the restless young sheep that they will find we have a lot of good grass right here—the grazing isn't really as good as it looks out there.



# CRUSADING for Christ the Worker

By WILLIAM J. SMITH, S.J.

THE WORLD must be brought back to Christ. That was the constant warning and the persistent plea of Pius XI of holy memory. "How are we to bring men and women back to Christ?" is the most pressing question that faces us today.

The answer is simple enough. It is so simple, perhaps, that it has escaped us. We must present Christ to them as He was. The real Christ, Who lived among men, must be impressed upon the minds of all as the *fundamental* and *only* ideal that can assure us of social as well as eternal salvation. Christ the Carpenter, Christ the poor man, Christ in His overalls if you will, must once again walk among His fellow workers.

The world is run on "ideas." The only defense against a vicious idea is a sound one. You cannot kill an idea with a sword and you cannot reform it with a law. The error must be isolated and counteracted with a truth.

Basically, the social order of the world is suffering from two false premises. The first is that something else or someone else, besides Almighty God, has a right to rule the lives of men. The second is this: that the men who are to be ruled have no definite and pre-ordained status of existence. These two errors underlie practically every manifestation of current social disorder. They can be broken down and eliminated only when the correct counter-ideas have been firmly set in the minds of the people.

The influence upon our own country, less vivid as yet perhaps, but none the less real, is written plainly on the pages of our daily experience and observation. The theory that "the government is God and man is mud" has not yet taken complete control of our national existence. Yet we are experiencing the



Drawings by PAUL KINNEAR

effects of its application to our own social order in many and varied ways.

The world must come back to God. The proper approach for that return is to give to the world, once again, God as He was known to the simple folk of Nazareth—Christ the Carpenter. Our dearly loved, lately lamented Pius XI in *Quadragesimo Anno*, while urging all classes to be united in charity, the bond of perfection, stressed the thought that the workingman, realizing that he has an essential place in the order of things as God intended, will be proud to follow "in the footsteps of Him, Who, being in the form of

God, chose to become a carpenter among men, and to be known as the son of a carpenter."

As devotion to Christ the Worker spreads, all classes of society will benefit. The manual worker, looking upon the Son of God, the mirror of the Father, as his model and ideal, will stifle the grumbling spirit that would make him discontent with his lot; the Catholic employer, watching his workmen "through the windows of the little home of Nazareth," seeing in his employee, "another Christ," will approach his labor problems in the spirit of actual Christian charity; the rest of us, conscious of our dependence upon the proper workings of labor relations, will be keen to co-operate in solidifying the renewed zeal for Him Who is the model of all.

Christ the Worker is the God of all. He is not the property or possession of any one class of people. Under the title Christ the Worker, He becomes the inspiration, not merely of those who engage in manual labor, but of *all* who work. He is presented to the world, not as the special pleader for the laborer alone, though this class of workers has a very special claim upon Him by the very fact that He did live as a craftsman, a carpenter.

This brings us to a question that Nell-Bruening, the great interpreter of *Quadragesimo Anno*, raises. He cautions us that the Holy See will not establish a Feast to Our Lord, as Christ the Worker, to favor one class of people above another or as long as there remains the danger that the enemies of Christ may try to make the Carpenter of Nazareth a part of the "proletarian front." Since there is already a campaign under way to have such a Feast Day established, to be celebrated in America on Labor Day or the Sunday following, the

objection becomes one of practical importance. With the approval of His Excellency, Most Reverend Thomas E. Malloy, S.T.D., Bishop of Brooklyn, and sponsored by the Crown Heights School of Catholic Workmen, signatures are being sought to petition the Holy See to establish the Feast of Christ the Worker. Does this objection stand in the way of the movement? It certainly should not.

As regards the thought of limiting the word "worker" to those of the manual laboring class: the term is not generally considered in this sense in our country. The Child Labor Amendment was condemned by the Bishops of New York State, and one of the objections to it was the fact that the word "labor" has been and can be taken to include mental work and would, therefore, put education in jeopardy. Secondly, it is a quite common practice, rightly or wrongly, for vast numbers of our Catholic people to consider themselves as entitled to the exemption from fast and abstinence under the indult granted to "workingmen and their families," though many are not engaged in manual labor. Finally, the thousands of men and women who already have attached their names to the petition belong to almost every occupational class in our country. They do not feel that Christ the Worker is one apart from them.

A Feast of Christ the Worker is a necessity that cannot be overlooked. The Church in America needs such a day. Too long has the calumny endured that the Catholic Church is pro-capitalist. Too seldom has there been a unified, public manifestation of the real interest of every practicing Catholic in the welfare of the working classes.

Catholic workers need this day. They are beset on every side by obstacles to the Faith. The deplorable condition in which many are obliged to live almost makes them feel that they have a right neither to the comforts of this life nor to the consolations of their religion. Radical agitators, sometimes by ridicule, sometimes by honeyed words of deceit, sometimes by direct antagonism, are causing them to question the value of the sacrifices demanded of them to remain steadfast in the Faith. They need a day when they can unite and give full vent to their Catholic feelings. They deserve a

day on which they may realize that they have the support and the prayerful co-operation of the entire Catholic world behind them.

The services and the sermons, perhaps processions, would be an impressive lesson to the non-Catholic public. The rowdy demonstrations of the Communist May Day would be fittingly eclipsed by the splendor of the Catholic ceremony, a contrast which the press would hardly fail to notice.

The non-working classes have need of such a day. It would draw all to a better understanding of the position of the various classes in society. The treacherous efforts of the Communists to divide class against class, clergy against the laity, would receive a setback. The holy desires of our saintly Pius XI to have us "go to the workers"—"go to the poor" would be brought closer to their realization, and in a way that



would certainly have delighted the heart of that great man of God.

The fear of giving too much emphasis to the human side of Christ should not deter us. It is just as much a heresy to belittle the humanity of Christ as it is to deny the divinity. We do not lower the Divine Workman to the level of a proletariat by honoring Him in His sacred role of a carpenter. By presenting Him in His true character we endeavor to elevate the human worker as a devoted imitator of so noble a model that he may the more heroically live his life as a worthy son of God.

The fact that the Communists in some countries have tried to "proletarianize" the Carpenter of Nazareth is not surprising. They have stolen every decent concept possible, using it as a cloak of respectability to

hide their own malicious doctrines.

Devotion to Christ the Worker must be spread if we are to have the privilege of a special Feast. Gradually that is being recognized. In Cleveland a perpetual novena is being conducted at St. Joseph's Church. In the same city, St. Paul's Shrine of Perpetual Adoration has just completed a novena on successive Fridays. St. Peter's, Barclay Street, New York City, holds its Holy Hour Service on Thursday noon, as a workman's service, with special prayers to Christ the Worker. St. Ignatius Church, Brooklyn, ran a Lenten Course this year under the title of Christ the Worker.

The men and women attending the Crown Heights School of Catholic Workmen assist at a short service before classes on Tuesday night and prayers to Christ the Worker are recited before classes. A booklet called *Fifteen Minutes with Christ the Worker*, published by the Paulist Press, has run into its third printing since the first of January. It contains prayers to Christ the Worker, for workers, for employers, for the unemployed, for atheists, and a prayer for social justice. The need of this devotion is fast being recognized; the steps to spread it are being taken by many priests.

This devotion appears to be the appropriate answer to the ideologies of the day. The words of Pius XI are significant, "He chose to become a carpenter." Just as Divine Wisdom foresaw that the Babe in Mary's arms would be an inspiration to millions of youthful mothers down the years, just as the Boy-Christ would be the pattern that parents would take to build the lives of their children, just as the agonizing Christ in the Garden would be the courage and strength of multitudes of suffering souls, so too would the role of Carpenter play its part in many lives.

God knew there would come a day when the world would need the model and the example of a Divine Workman. When that day would come He wanted the millions of His exploited and suffering sons and daughters to know that when He says to them "Come to Me all you who labor and are heavily burdened," they may come without fear or hesitation, for they would know He speaks to them as one of their own. It was no accident that He came as a Carpenter.





*Members of the Federal Communications Commission. Seated, left to right: Eugene O. Sykes; Frank McNinch, Chairman; Paul A. Walker. Standing, left to right: T. A. M. Craven; Thaddeus H. Brown; Norman S. Case and George Henry Payne*

*Radio Has Become One of the Most Important Factors in Modern Life. The Federal Communications Commission Which Regulates This Great New Industry Should Be Watched Closely By the American Public*

# Scuttling the F. C. C.

By KATHLEEN C. BENNETT

ONE MORNING not long ago, I awoke to read in the papers that the good ship F.C.C., which has been riding the turbulent waves of national politics and communications since 1934, was to be scuttled.

The Federal Communications Commission, as everyone knows, is the body of seven (four Democrats and three Republicans) appointed by the President to regulate the country's communications of telephone, telegraph and radio. The accent is strongly on radio, that \$140,000,000 per annum industry—that "infant industry" of preternaturally rapid growth and Gargantuan size.

The President, I read, under whose direction the ship had been launched in 1934, had asked Congress for a bill of reorganization. Senator Wheeler had obliged. Inspired by Frank R. McNinch, the F.C.C.'s chairman, appointed by the President more than a year ago as the skipper to navigate the vessel into calmer waters, he had introduced a bill which would abolish a commission of seven and set up one of three, lodging in the chairman alone what amounts to a virtual dictatorship of the radio industry.

The F.C.C., as we have known it, is to be scuttled, and a new craft substituted, with, it is assumed, Skipper McNinch at the helm. Incidentally, Skipper McNinch is the Democrat from North Carolina who in 1928 helped to lose that state for Al Smith and to deliver it into the hands of Herbert Hoover. He is now a good Democrat again.

What, I began to wonder, was the mystery behind the scuttling of the F.C.C.? It would bear looking into, but would involve a study of the entire radio situation, about which I knew nothing. With the imperturbable innocence of a lamb concerning the difficulties ahead, I collected all the available material and sought out a quiet hotel. . . .

"Room Service? Please send up an iced towel for my head!"

That, at least, was the impulse born in that hotel room after sheaves of newspapers and magazines, a collection of books and certain issues of the Congressional Record had been read. American radio, I had learned, after several days' seclusion with it, was no simple subject, either from the entertainment, business, or regulatory

standpoint (to say nothing of the scientific), and the testimony concerning its many phases was certainly not unmixcd.

And that was about all I had learned—except that through much of the testimony ran a certain thread. It appeared that on the F.C.C. sat a member—one George Henry Payne from New York—who against odds had accomplished certain reforms in communications and on the Commission itself, and who not infrequently had uttered forthright criticism of the radio industry and had been roundly criticized in return. Whatever judgment one might form of his convictions, one at least knew that, with him, color had come to communications.

Searching the records of the past four years, it seemed that other commissioners had done little of moment—and had said less. But Commissioner Payne, apparently, had been the guiding force in establishing the first trans-Atlantic radio telephone to France, enabling Americans to telephone Europe without all messages being relayed through England; had raised the issue which prevented a future monopoly in tele-

vision between New York and Philadelphia, via that mysterious thing, the Co-Axial Cable; had fought a valiant if losing battle for retention by the Pan-American Union of five short-wave frequencies for broadcasting between the Americas, upon which the commercial companies were casting sheep's eyes; had battled against monopoly in radio; had drawn up a bill proposing an annual tax upon broadcasting companies, based upon the amount of power allocated to each; had volubly advocated a "house-cleaning" of children's programs; had fought a good fight for the rights of the Paulist radio station and others of the less powerful broadcasters; had curbed certain malpractices of lawyers appearing before the Federal Communications Commission, and had even favored a Congressional investigation of that body.

But his most sensational achievement had been his fight against Superpower, as represented by WLW, the Crosley radio station in Cincinnati. That mighty voice had for four years blanketed eleven states, had drowned out all neighboring competitors, and had held a stranglehold on 500,000 watts of power—450,000 more than the 50,000 which is the government's customary maximum allotment to radio stations. It was Commissioner Payne who had first raised the issue, back in 1936, against WLW, questioning the extra allotment for "experimental purposes," supposedly to advance the science of radio, by the old Radio Commission (predecessor of the F.C.C.).

Mr. Payne suspected that commercial purposes had encroached upon the experimental; and the smaller stations had raised the cry of monopoly. Commissioner Payne rushed to the charge and thereby into a perfect barrage of bombs, sniping, and pot-shots conducted by the allies of WLW, a station whose annual income ranged around two and half million dollars. But after a long and bitter battle, which but for him

might never have been waged, the F.C.C. finally ruled against Superpower, and on March 1, 1939, it was forced off the air, and WLW's 500,000 watts were reduced to 50,000, the normal allotment. WLW went down fighting to the last, and has filed an appeal before the Supreme Court (having been denied a petition for a "stay" order by the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals) which will be argued many months hence.

Where other commissioners had been silent, on more than one occasion Commissioner Payne had evi-

the view of the general public:

Just at this moment I stumbled upon an item in Hugh Johnson's column. He wrote: "On the very face of a recent speech by McNinch, it [the bill to reorganize the F.C.C.] might more frankly be entitled 'A bill to get rid of Commissioners George Henry Payne and T. A. M. Craven.' . . . But have we not been saved from radio censorship by the very 'recalcitrant' members of the board, whom Mr. McNinch is now trying to send to the guillotine by reducing the membership to three?"

And thereupon the veil of mystery enshrouding the scuttling of the F.C.C. began to lift—although a vast confusion still persisted on the general subject of radio, its vices and its virtues, its programs and its profits.

Utterly at sea, I tossed the papers, magazines and books aside, and instead of ordering the iced towel (which might have been misinterpreted) I sought the outdoors and New York fresh air.

It isn't truth that's stranger than fiction, but rather coincidence. For almost the first person encountered was an old friend, up from Washington.

"Do you know anything about this man, George Henry Payne?" I demanded.

"Lots," he replied. "For one thing, he's a personal friend—and for another, I've just left a promi-

nent official of one of the big broadcasting chains, who said something about him which has left me chuckling."

"What was that?"

"In the course of a conversation on criticism of radio, I happened to mention that I knew Commissioner Payne. 'Do you, indeed?' asked the official. And then, heaving a heavy sigh, he asked plaintively: 'Can't anything be done about him?'"

By that time I had made the resolve.

"I'd like to interview him. But from the way he sounds, I suppose he'd chew my head off."

## Constancy

By SISTER MIRIAM, R.S.M.

*My dream of you, you cannot shatter now,  
Still brilliant as the sun it will outlast.  
Dreams are for night; were made to teach us how  
Ephemeral is life; the step of time how fast.*

*In dreams we build or raze, destroy or keep  
Forever all the preciousness God lends  
Us here on earth: uncertain as a heap  
Of sand, or firm as Christocentric friends.*

*A man must have a noble steadfast mind,  
Or lose his faith in verities that stand  
Eternal as the marriage laws that bind  
A love the years will wither or expand.*

*For steadfastness and nobleness I pray  
Lest your unfaith my faith in you betray.*

dently "stuck out his neck" with what appeared to be an insouciant disregard for the same. There had been speeches at Harvard and other universities; there had been statements to the press which had not only discomfited the rulers of radio but also his own colleagues.

The accounts referred to him as anything from "the stormy petrel of the F.C.C.," to the "Commission's Problem Child" and "Superpower's Headache." What manner of man was this, I began to wonder, who didn't mind, when it came to a matter of principle, splitting open the Federal Communications Commission and exposing dissension to

"George Henry?" he laughed. "Why, he's a grand fellow—babies and dogs adore him—he's the best company in the world, and a generous host. He'll probably blow you to lunch in the Persian Room."

And so the interview was arranged—although not in the Persian Room, but in the offices of the Federal Communications Commission.

IN SPITE of reassurances, I was prepared, from what I had read, to meet a bristling reformer who would pour out a flood of denunciation, not only of radio but of the entire cosmos—and who would probably (after the unpleasant manner of reformers generally) end by trying to reform me.

But it was no bristling reformer who came forward courteously to greet me. It was a gentleman who possessed more of that generally abused word "charm," than anyone encountered in years. Two main characteristics were soon evident; abundant energy, and far more than an average zest for life.

Recalling all the battles accredited to him, and the sorties conducted against him, I think I asked just whom he was "mad at" now—or words to that effect.

"Do you remember," he replied, "that motion picture of the two Negro soldiers who were drafted during the war? With shells bursting over their heads and no shelter anywhere, one asked the other: 'Whose war is this, anyway?—I ain't mad at nobody!' I came to the war in Washington, a peaceful and peace-loving man. I didn't want to be mad at anyone. But the characteristic of war seems to be that one might fight."

"I'd like to hear a little about that fight for the French telephone," I offered.

"It was one of the most interesting things that has come before the Communications Commission. My friend, the late Jesse Isador Straus, was at that time our Ambassador to France. He became aware of the monopoly which England possessed in having the only receiving station for trans-Atlantic telephone calls by radio between America and Europe. Every call from this country had to go through England first, to be relayed on to the Continent—the same was true inversely. This meant not only anxiety, but in many cases ac-

tual damage to American business men attempting to conclude contracts with European companies. All our trade secrets were open books to Britain. England, naturally, did not wish to forego this advantage.

"Other forces, too, opposed a telephone channel direct to France. But with Mr. Straus urging it, I did what I could as rapidly as possible to bring the matter before the Commission and to obtain favorable action. It was a great satisfaction to be present in December, 1936, when a direct radio-telephone circuit was established with France, and I was able, with my fellow-Commissioners, to speak directly to Paris."

"What was the theory behind the bill you drew, introduced by Congressman Boylan, which proposed an annual tax upon broadcasting companies?" I ventured.

"The simple theory of ownership. Let me ask you a question: Who owns the air?"

"Why, the National Broadcasting Company, I suppose."

"One would naturally think so. But as a matter of fact, the people's vested ownership in the air is as old as man himself. There was a time when there was no argument over its ownership. But that was before the air was discovered to be the source of colossal profits. It was the commercial broadcasters who, given a license to use the people's asset, the air, developed this source, and naturally they are entitled to a return on their efforts and investment. But when the government charges them nothing for licenses from which they roll up, in one year, profits which approach \$140,000,000 and which constitute a fabulous return on their actual investment, do you not think some return to the government in the form of a tax based upon allocations of power, is a fair proposal? The Boylan bill, of course, exempted all non-profit stations."

"What do you think of the present state of radio?"

"An audience at Harvard once asked me that question, and I'll give you the same answer I gave them. Radio, like everything in its infancy, is having its 'growing pains'—of which (and of course,) Mr. Payne added with a parenthetic twinkle, "only because of my name), I'm supposed to be one."

It was on this note that a secre-

tary intervened, and I was forced to bid Commissioner Payne a reluctant farewell. It had been a grand half-hour. On the way out, I glanced at the secretary and then at the mass of correspondence, briefs and documents which littered the Commissioner's desk. My friend had told me that there wasn't a corner of communications into which he had not probed—and I had learned myself that he has ideas faster than "the Streamline" covers mileage. No, I decided, I should not like to be the Commissioner's secretary.

Suave and tactful in manner, when a principle is at stake, he can be a tornado of scathing satire. Not all of those who have come to know him as the F.C.C.'s Progressive Reformer know him also as the author of a scholarly book on children, *The Child in Human Progress*. Nor as the author of the most important history of journalism of our time.

Not a Catholic, it has frequently been said that he expresses the Catholic philosophy in spiritual matters as they affect radio. With Skipper McNinch he has certainly not seen eye to eye; but he and Commissioner T. A. M. Craven have battled side by side for constructive reforms; and Commissioner Norman Case, from Rhode Island, has not infrequently voted with them.

There is no doubt that reform-resisting elements have not ceased to pull political wires; that the troubles between the F.C.C. and the radio industry have long bothered the President. But the heart of the mystery of the scuttling of the F.C.C. would seem to be Skipper McNinch's antipathy to the aggressive and progressive reformer from New York.

WITH Hugh Johnson, thoughtful elements see danger in the brig which Senator Wheeler has offered as substitute, with its crew of three to replace that of seven. They believe that there is less threat of centralization in the larger crew; that it is more democratic; that a variety of opinion is healthier, more representative; and that discussion, argument and even dissension are not unwholesome things in this important regulatory body.

One thing is certain; as long as Commissioner Payne remains a member of the F.C.C.'s crew, there will not only be color but courage in dealing with communications.





**D**RESSED in his oldest uniform jacket which was hardly recognizable as such, a pair of dungaree trousers and a singlet, the Second Engineer of the *Tudor Queen* opened his cabin door and walked for'ard along the alley-way to the engine-room entrance.

As he went to take over the first dog-watch (four to six P.M.), he seemed to move with a curiously reluctant hesitancy. And yet he had been on this ship for two years. In fact, he was now on his last run aboard her. His next voyage would be as Chief in a fast cargo vessel the company had just launched. He had definitely succeeded in his profession.

Yet on this the first day of his last voyage on the *Tudor Queen* before his long-dreamed-of promotion, Forbes was far from happy as he opened the engine-room door and looked down into the clangorous cavern below him. There really should be nothing to fear. But there was; and it centered in a small, remote figure on the control-platform.

The figure was the Fourth Engineer, who had just joined this run. So far the Second had managed to avoid a meeting. But now they had to come face to face. They would have to meet, down there beside that desk, every time the Fourth

went off watch and he himself came on. That meant twice daily for nearly two months, until they made Sydney Harbor—and all the way home again. Second, Third and Fourth Engineers; these were the officers who took turn over the engines.

He had served with young Murdoch before. He had never dreamed of the possibility of ever having to serve with him again; indeed, he had hardly ever thought of the fellow at all since he had seen him taken ashore that morning at Manila. And with all the ships to choose from, the fates had sent Murdoch back to him here!

Slowly he went down the ladders; forced himself then to advance aft along the shining plating, between its towering avenues of roaring ma-

chinery, towards that figure at the desk. Whether Murdoch had seen him coming he could not tell; but now the Fourth had his back to him and was writing up the log. An oiler stood nearby, hammer in hand, waiting beside the hanging steel bar which was used as a bell. The engine-room clock indicated three minutes to four.

Forbes came on, glancing up at the great engines on either side. His face was pastier than ever. He tried to steady his eyes on Murdoch's square shoulders. A vague menace seemed to come from that stolidly motionless back. And at any moment the Fourth might turn. Then they would have to face each other. He was not ready for it. The things he had prepared himself to say appeared now utterly transparent in

*"But you must tell him. . . . He might try to kill you and say it was self-defense. Anything might happen!" she insisted urgently*

their flimsy untruth, such as could never deceive a child. And he would have to say something.

Murdoch wrote on. Steam-pressure and condenser-vacuum; revolutions per minute; sea, feed, and condenser-discharge temperatures.... Surely he must be finished by now. Why couldn't he turn and get it over? Forbes longed now for the moment he had dreaded.

He achieved a throaty cough. And then, very deliberately, the Fourth Engineer put down his pencil, straightened himself and quietly confronted his senior.

Without a word Murdoch turned away again and nodded to the oiler. Four double strokes sang out nois-

back at the desk now and Murdoch was free to go. But he had not gone. He was standing quite still, staring into the face of his superior.

"There isn't much to say, is there?" he answered in a low tone. "I can tell you all that's necessary in one simple sentence of two words. Look out!"

The Second Engineer flinched. "I gave you the wrong parcel," he blurted out. "It was the truth I told you. I was going ashore. You know Manila—"

"I ought to!" snapped Murdoch. "Go on. This is amusing."

"I thought I'd handed you some curios I'd got for my—sister," Forbes blundered mechanically on. "To look after for me while I was ashore. I was afraid of some thieving stevedore sneaking down and . . . I swear I never meant to give you that opium. The packets were the same size and—"

He stammered to a stop. Then suddenly, and from nowhere, came inspiration.

"If I wanted to hide the stuff till the Customs had gone," he went on in a changed and more assured tone, "giving it to you was about the silliest thing I could have done! I never asked you to hide it or take any precautions, did I? D'you think I'd let you just shove it in your top-drawer as you did, where they could find it at once? I'd have—"

"But then," pointed out the other with ominous

calm, "you wanted it found—in someone else's possession. Because you were afraid the Customs had had the tip and wouldn't leave the ship till they had found it. And you couldn't be sure whether they had any idea who'd got it. You thought I'd do as well as anybody to hold the baby, seeing I was only an inexperienced junior and hadn't sense enough to see your game."

"Look here, Mister Forbes, six years is a long time. Surely you could have thought of something better by now? You might even have had the sense to tell me the truth—though to be quite fair I don't mind saying that that wouldn't have done you any good! I've spent four of those six years in a Philippine jail. But you're going to tell me the truth all the same."

"You bought that opium at Hong Kong. The agent told you you could make a big profit on it if you smuggled it ashore at Manila. When we got there you saw the Customs coming off and guessed that the agent had cabled and double-crossed you. He'd got your money and was going to get the informer's reward as well. That's an old trick of theirs and you should have known better than to fall for it . . ."

"I needn't talk! I should have known better than to swallow your yarn—the April-fool yarn you've just tried to chuck at me again! You wanted to get rid of that opium and you planted it on me. If it had been a false alarm you'd have collected it again afterwards. But you were tak-

# FEUD

## ON THE

# High Seas

by FRANCIS SIBSON

ily from the steel bar. Eight bells.

Murdoch indicated the log-book and his signature therein. Then, with a jerk of his head, he walked off down the line of the whirling starboard crankshaft. Forbes followed him in silence and an increasing inward shrinking. When would the man speak? They paused together at each bearing, which the Second felt and examined and passed as correct, as the routine stands. He would have passed anything in that hour which did not actually burn his hand.

It was Forbes who broke the spell, speaking like one who has been tried beyond endurance. "Why don't you say something?" he cried. They were

*"I'm just dirt to him!" whispered Forbes to himself. "To be got rid of when convenient. That's all he thinks of me."*





ing no chances. And when they took me away you stood there smirking."

He stopped suddenly, choking down the fury which had burned too plainly in his young face. Mr. Robertshaw, the Chief Engineer, had come down; and behind him came two girls, their dresses protected under old mackintoshes.

Once they were under way the Chief only appeared in the engine room for his daily inspection, in emergency, or when there were passenger-friends to be shown around. He did not seem to notice anything unusual in the bearing of his two subordinates, but nodded to both of them as he passed on with his party. One of the girls glanced at them as she followed. It was clear that she was interested because here were men who handled and understood all this tremendous machinery. Apart from that, her glance was quite impersonal. She was small, but lithe and athletic looking.

Forbes saw the advent of the party only as a respite, and watched the three go on without ever having really observed them. He stood groping for words with which to answer the accusation and threat which had been flung at him. And no words would come. He was afraid. There had been a terrible meaning in Murdoch's speech.

The Second Engineer had to go through this nightmare of a voyage alone. He realized that at once. If he appealed for protection, reporting Murdoch's vague but pregnant warning to old Robertshaw, he would be asked for Murdoch's motive. And the only convincing story he could tell anyone must be the truth. He could never tell them that.

What did Murdoch plan to do? Those eyes had plainly meant murder; without haste and at the chosen moment. He would have to watch for his life.

In that voyage he was to learn to know the never-ceasing, inward terror of the hunted who cannot see the hunters, cannot know when they will take him; a thing beside which the fear of the criminal under the pursuing shadow of the law is as a mere uneasiness. For the law is passionless; calm and restrained in the chase as in the capture. There is no consuming fury of vindictiveness behind its arm.

When Nairn (the Third) came



*Blindly he grappled and fought to drag his adversary where he knew now that one of them must go*

down at six he found the log unwritten and his superior very uncommunicative and a little queer. He had not seen the newcomer's approach, and seemed to react curiously when addressed.

"Oh—you!" he said jerkily, in the tone of one who has not spoken aloud for some time. "Six o'clock?" He laughed harshly and plunged with unnecessary energy into the matter of handing over.

"Did you notice anything queer about the Second when he came on at four?" asked Nairn when Murdoch appeared two hours later to relieve him. "When I took on he acted as though he'd been asleep on his feet or something. Didn't seem to realize his spell was over. First time I've ever struck a bird who hadn't been watching the clock for it!" He grinned. But the Fourth had no answering smile for him—though in some obscure way Nairn felt that this news had not been unpleasing.

And in due course Nairn went off, leaving Murdoch to his four-hour watch. And again those reliable old engines were put somewhat on their mettle. Young Murdoch was involved in a problem, a very vital problem, with which was inextricably tangled—a face. And it was not the face of the man whom for six bitter years he had prayed might be given into his hands.

When Forbes appeared at midnight to take the middle watch he walked with boldness, if a little unsteadily. His courage was temporary and artificial only. He was ready now to meet threat with counter-threat—so long as Murdoch went no farther than words. But the Fourth was strictly and impersonally professional, saying no more than the barest minimum which necessity demanded.

FOR half an hour after Murdoch left the engine room, Forbes knew a kind of spurious peace. Then it flashed upon him that Murdoch's attitude had been a bluff, to put him off his guard. The hours between midnight and four A.M. are the worst for a man's vitality in all the twenty-four, and by now the last of his counterfeit bravado had drained away. He had a picture of his enemy coming back again, very quietly, perhaps unexpectedly, through the stoke-hold, and waiting to slip in behind the engines—unseen.

The man might even spring upon him here, as he stood under the telegraphs—and thrust him back on the terminals of the dynamo that spun behind him.

The sweating vigil dragged on, with incredible slowness, to its end. When at last he saw Nairn coming towards him he almost cried out in his relief, but his outward bearing was carefree almost to the point of childishness.

Nairn watched him go up the ladders with a questioning look in his eyes. "May have been drinking," he muttered, as he turned to his work. "Silly thing to do if he has. In his position."

The days passed. Forbes began to reckon the passage of time by the one day in three on which he had neither the "middle" nor the "first morning" to keep. The hours those periods included—from midnight to eight A.M.—he had come to regard as those of greatest danger, for the whole ship was asleep then but for those who were on duty, and Murdoch might do what he had joined her to do with the least fear of being seen. On that one night in three he was on from eight to twelve, and felt a little safer.

And when they met officially in the engine room, Murdoch would never deviate from his bearing of rigid professional correctness. He was utterly aloof, as though he inhabited another planet, a whole universe away.

But the strain was growing, and told on Forbes. "What's up wi' the Second?" they began to ask each other in the oilers' and stokers' messes.

On the afternoon of the eleventh day, coming on deck a little after four, Forbes almost walked into his enemy. Murdoch was with the girl who had come down with the Chief on the first day. She was laughing now at something he had said. For a moment only his eyes rested casually on the Second, as though he looked at a stranger.

"God! I'm just—dirt—to him!" whispered Forbes to himself. "To be gotten rid of when convenient. That's all he thinks of me. Look at him—filling in the time!"

He had the first watch that night—eight till twelve—the night hours of least fear, as he had thought. But in that first watch came the crisis.

Murdoch and the girl stood at the

for'ard end of the promenade-deck, looking out ahead over the slowly heaving bow to the horizon and the stars.

"I CAN understand that," he was saying in a low but insistent tone. "I know—and you know—that there's usually nothing in it. People get thrown together for the voyage and they've nothing else to do and after a bit they think they're in love. But, good heavens, can't you see that this is different? Can't you feel it, Marion?"

She turned her eyes full upon him. Her voice was even lower than his had been.

"For myself, I can. I do. But I'm a sailor's daughter. Dad was once a ship's engineer. That was how I came to be down in the engine room that day you saw me. Dad knew Mr. Robertshaw in the old days. Perhaps I'm letting things that he has told me make me doubt . . . you. Forgive me. I know I'm wrong and unfair. But there's something in me that won't be convinced that this isn't just—for you—an ordinary shipboard flirtation—"

"Don't—please don't—say that. Don't even think it. You can't . . . I mean the idea hurts!"

He paused, groping for expression. Then he appeared to come to some great decision. "Listen!" he said. "I'm going to tell you something—why I know it's different. Do you know you've changed my whole life? Do you know that if I hadn't seen you—if you hadn't been the good girl you are—I might have been taken ashore by the police at the end of this voyage, and perhaps hanged?"

She gasped with the shock of that avowal. "You? What—why—tell me!"

And so he told her, omitting nothing. Her face revealed sympathy, aversion, mingled with troubled doubt and a growing fear.

"You have made me realize all that life could mean for me, all that I was deliberately throwing away for nothing. What good could it do me to smash that man? Was he worth it? I'd never thought of it that way before. You see the idea of—well, getting my own back—had been the one thing that kept me going in prison, and after. I had a bad time, as you can imagine, getting back to sea again and living things down. But I had it out with myself next

watch, and by the end of it I saw I'd been a crazy fool. I'd nearly ended myself with that madness. I decided to end the madness instead. It wasn't easy. I had to root out what had been in charge for six years. You'll never realize how the thing had got hold of me. I lived for it. Even now there's a part of me that longs to . . ."

He choked down the words, helped by the quick pressure of her fingers. "No, that's really finished," he resumed, his voice taking on a note of gladdening freedom. "So—so you see what you've done for me."

"I'm—very glad," she answered. "Have you told him?"

"No, I don't see why I should. I don't want to have anything to do with him. I want to forget him and everything about him."

"I know. But you must tell him . . . Not only is that the right thing for you to do but then, too, he might try to kill you—and say it was self-defense. Anything might happen!" she insisted urgently, her eyes dark with that fear for another which only love can know.

"Oh, I shouldn't think he'd do anything," objected Murdoch, slowly. "He isn't that sort." He detested the thought of speaking to Forbes at all.

**B**UT Marion could find no comfort in his reassurance. "Tell him—and finish it!" she begged. "I can't sleep until you do. I shall be thinking of what might be happening down there . . . among those machines. Go and tell him now. Please."

"He's on watch now," demurred Murdoch—and she knew that her battle was won.

"Never mind. Get it over. And then—come back to me."

"Well . . ." he began doubtfully; then squared himself and took a deep breath, letting go of her hand. "All right," he said.

She watched him walk away, thankfully and with a great relief.

Forbes stood at his usual post beside the desk, his dull eyes flickering from place to place, now resting on the rows of dials, now swinging along the line of the whirling crankshafts of the main engines.

The pallor of his face had become almost corpse-like. His hands trembled slightly whenever he moved them.

He jumped perceptibly when an oiler came up and spoke to him. There was a veiled reproach, a hinted accusation, in the man's tone.

"Starb'd H.P., big-end's running a bit warm, sir," was the report. Forbes had gone round the bearings less than fifteen minutes ago, and should have noted it himself.

"Oh—curse!" he jerked out, and followed the man forward and in between the tall, thick standards which supported the foremost cylinder of the starboard engine. The boom and roar of its power eclipsed all else from his ears. Bright, oil-sleeked metal flashed and swung before him, pounding round under the drive of the connecting rod and its fist-like big-end, clenched upon the crankshaft.

He had seen all this many hundreds of times. It should have been as ordinary and plain and humdrum to him as rows of keys are to a typist in an office. Yet now he saw and heard and felt it all as though for the very first time, as though his spirit were in some occult way bound to the whirling mass of it. He became afraid. A terrible fear welled up within him, filling him, spreading to his extremities.

Suddenly a hand came down on his shoulder.

He leaped and screamed under the touch as though it had been the kiss of a white-hot branding iron.

He seemed to feel the grip of steely hands, thrusting him towards the crank-pit—and that Titan fist which pounded there.

He screamed again and faced about, dashing the other's fingers from his shoulder. Blindly, he grappled and fought to drag his adversary where he knew now that one of them must go.

The other gave back, trying at first to hold him; then fought back, for now he seemed to realize that this was life or death—that he must attack in real earnest or this maniac would finish him. So he began to strike; great blows which would have stunned any normal antagonist, but which seemed to have no effect.

Then, amazingly, the contest ended. For a second Forbes went still and rigid, staring into his opponent's face. He flung the other away from him with a sweep of the arm and ran for the entrance of the shaft-tunnel, snatching up a great spanner as he went.

A figure dashed forward from the ladder's foot, the first to move of all who had seen. It was Murdoch, the Fourth, who had come too late with his message.

"Are you hurt, sir?" he cried out. "What's happened, sir?"

The Chief Engineer wiped his bleeding face. "I think the Second's gone mad," he panted. "Did you see? Went for me like a tiger-cat. It's a lucky thing I was the one he tackled! I'm not vain, but I don't think you or anyone else down here would have been able to deal with him, and then there'd have been a nasty mess in that crank-pit! He tried to push me in. Never felt such strength in my life!" He shivered a little.

**I**'VE BEEN—suspecting something of the sort," he went on with the volubility of a badly shaken man. "Couldn't act before because—well, I wanted to give him a chance. Poor devil was due for his own engine room next run. . . . Been watching him from the upper platform for the past half hour. Even from there I could see there was something wrong. Came down to talk to him about it. Found him staring at that big-end there, and I sniffed the smell of it—by George, Murdoch, you'd better see to that at once! It's overheating! Meantime I'll try and get poor Forbes out of there. May be able to do something," he muttered to himself as the Fourth turned away to obey.

A group of reluctant men converged upon the mouth of the starboard shaft-tunnel. All was quiet now within it. They found the Second Engineer collapsed limply on the plating, the spanner lying where he had thrown it, yards away.

It was many months before Forbes could stand a watch again. And the real cause of this trouble and its culminating outbreak remains and will remain unknown, except to himself and one other—the junior partner in the engineering firm of Bevan and Murdoch.

Perhaps to two others. For to Marion Murdoch—as she is now—there sometimes comes, mingling with her glad gratitude for the healing she had been given to do in her husband's soul, the thought that but for the unguessed-of chance of Robertshaw's intervention she might also have sent him down to his death.



# IRELAND

## And Democratic Justice

By EILEEN M. MacCARTHY

DISTANCE ought to help a dispassionate study of the molten furnace of European politics. Yet to read most of the American newspapers of today is to prove this theory fallacious. Two of the three wicked uncles of Totalitarianism are portrayed in every possible rapacious guise. (Stalin seems curiously enough to have been overlooked). Their doings are talked of with bated breath. All their misdeeds are attributed to Fascism and to its ugly sister, Nazism, and shown as the inevitable result of departing from the high standards of democratic government. There seems to be no effort made to correlate cause and effect of world injustice.

In Europe the high water mark of democracy is admittedly England. It is interesting, therefore, to probe into her idealistic conceptions of rule. Ireland most aptly illustrates the regime carried out by this present-day Sir Galahad of democracies in safeguarding her Imperial possessions.

When the World War was started in 1914, the Irish Party in Westminster, under the leadership of John Redmond, was promised Home Rule for Ireland as the price for her assistance in England's time of need. In gratitude for this promise of partial freedom, so long and so bitterly fought for, John

Redmond led a recruiting campaign and succeeded in getting 175,000 Irishmen to enlist in the British Army. There was a higher percentage of voluntary enlistment among the Irish than among the English, Scotch or Welsh. They felt that Ireland was at last free! They must show the world that Ireland appreciated freedom for smaller nations such as Belgium.

In the spring of 1914 the Northern Protestants, or Orangemen, who constituted a rival political body to the Home Rule Party, and were ardently desirous of being nearer to England than the English themselves, had threatened to revolt should the majority of the Irish people obtain Home Rule. Leading this unnational body was Sir Edward Carson, who first won fame as the lawyer responsible for the conviction of Oscar Wilde.

When Britain had the Irish recruits safely in her ranks, she remembered the threat of her patriotic henchmen in the North. Fear of the Orangemen revolting was given as an excuse to renege her promise to the majority of the Irish people.

In view of the broken promises of totalitarian states which arouse so much indignation in the minds of propaganda-fed honest people, it is well to note that Britain herself has given only too conspicuous an example. The



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

A recent meeting in Dublin protesting the partition of Ireland

Irish revolution of 1916 • now no longer appears as an act of treachery. Irishmen realized again in the seven hundred years of national struggle that when it comes to Empire building or Empire keeping, England knows no law save that of expediency. Today Irishmen must be pardoned if they feel cynically toward British outraged virtue concerning the Munich pact or the taking of Ethiopia or Albania. They simply dismiss all sentimentalizing of practical issues with a shrug. The Irish are a nation of realists.

**T**HE Revolution of 1916 was fought by idealists of the North and South to awaken the national consciousness of the Irish people. There was no hope of an immediate military success. In Ireland, British imperialism had succeeded in engendering a slave mentality. The great majority in 1914 accepted the British measuring rod for almost everything except religion. They echoed ascendancy untruths—often enough from relatively high places. Violent measures had to be taken to shake them out of their national apathy and to make them bring the cause of Irish freedom to the consciousness of the world. Within three years the blood sacrifice was effectual.

Only two men in Irish history succeeded in uniting the country behind them: Daniel O'Connell in the struggle for Catholic Emancipation in the early nineteenth century, and De Valera in the years from 1916 to the tragic civil war of 1922. During these last years England tried to force conscription on Ireland. The measure was defeated. It is impossible to coerce a nation if unity exists. Incidentally, conscription was also defeated in Australia due to the unity achieved by another famous Irishman, Archbishop Mannix.

In the struggle for Irish independence it was necessary to resort to guerilla warfare; no other method was possible in the circumstances. English propaganda was as skillful then as now. Ireland was pictured in the world press as a land completely in the grip of murderers and assassins. England therefore made a decision which Hitler, Stalin or Mussolini could never have dreamed of—that her regular troops were unfitted to deal with such depravity. A special force was organized to act as a liaison between the army and the

police force, which had always constituted a semi-military organization. The new recruits wore black police jackets and khaki-colored army trousers, hence the name of "Black and Tan," now synonymous with savagery all over the world.

These "warriors" were recruited from the unemployed ex-army men. Even jail gates were opened wide to criminals who were given the option of serving the remainder of their sentences in this new fighting unit of "democracy" in Ireland.

The treatment meted out to the Jew in Germany is mild compared to the treatment of the Irish during the Black and Tan regime. Let's look at the record. It was a common occurrence for lorry loads of these forces of "democracy" to sweep through the Irish towns and villages, shooting wildly over the heads of the terrified people, their bullets frequently finding a human mark. Towns were burned and looted. Innocent men were taken and shot without trial, as reprisals for some of their own forces killed in ambushes or skirmishes with the revolutionaries.

The plight of Queen Geraldine of Albania, forced to quit the country a few days after the birth of her child, seems a lesser evil than the position of Mrs. McCurtain, the wife of the Mayor of Cork, whose husband was murdered in her presence during a midnight raid on their home by masked forces of the British government. Mrs. McCurtain's twins were born dead a short while afterward.

It is understandable that Ireland—racked with torture, its civilian population bombed and shot at—should accept the Treaty of 1922 by a majority of the less idealistic. The morale of the people was broken as they had passed through so many terrors. Those who fought the Treaty had more of the spirit of patriotism left. They were unselfish enough to try to protect their fellow-countrymen in the North, whose birthright England coveted.\*

As the result of the 1922 treaty, there exists in Ireland today one of the most unjust and artificial partitions of any country of the world. Out of a population of 4,245,601 there are 1,279,753 people cut off by no natural boundaries of race or of geographical conditions. Four of the counties, viz., Armagh, Tyrone, Derry and Fermanagh have 222,538

voters favorable to national unity and 218,000 isolationists. In the remaining two counties there are 816,000 people of whom 200,000 are nationalists.

There is no racial difference between Catholic and Protestant in the North. The Protestants are mostly of Scottish, i.e. Gaelic extraction. Therefore, if governments have to erect artificial barriers to protect racial minorities, such a plea does not justify Northern Ireland's claim to a separate existence.

Much is read in the daily press of the tolerance of the Democracies towards various religious bodies in their midst. England's attitude in safeguarding her Protestant allies in the North, at the expense of Catholic equality, is a very difficult nut to crack for the detached observer. It cannot be said that the Protestants in the South, who represent about seven per cent of the population, suffer from discrimination. The Catholic in the North, however, is barred from many civil service posts. Loyal Protestants feel that by such action they are protecting the British Empire from traitors.

It is interesting to note that the bitterness between Catholic and Protestant in Northern Ireland lies in political issues rather than in divergence of religious opinion. Every Catholic in Ireland is born a potential nationalist or "rebel" in English eyes—therefore the attempts at proselytizing have a deeper than ordinary significance. Likewise, every Irish Protestant looks to the English King as the head of the Church. When Irish Catholics and Protestants meet on neutral ground the barriers erected and bolstered up for political purposes no longer exist.

**E**NGLAND, in order to keep a foothold in Ireland, a valuable strategic point of naval defense as well as a kitchen garden in time of war, fosters the differences which exist between the people. She subsidizes the Northern government, therefore, which is economically incapable of self-sufficiency.

The North has its own Parliament, but also sends 13 representatives to Westminster. All her public services are controlled by Britain. The limited autonomy, subject to a governor appointed by Britain, seems to give the North sufficient scope for





Black Star Photo

*Two Irish youngsters with their characteristically fine features. On such as these depends the future of Ireland*

religious and political persecution. Up to date the North has paid 125 million dollars to Britain and has received 145 million, as well as the remission of a debt totalling almost five million dollars. By indirect subsidy Britain is clearly aiding and abetting national frustration. It has been stated that Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer during the Labor Government in England, wished to divert the Northern subsidy to alleviate the English unemployed, but was opposed too strongly by conservative interests.

One of the great reasons why the North is so costly to run is the double administration under the present regime. The cost per head in the North is approximately 25 dollars against almost 20 dollars in Britain. With corresponding social service completely unwarranted by its economic resources, Northern Ireland has the more expensive establishment even at the cost of getting its share of the United Kingdom and Imperial services free, and of charging its deficits, if any, to Britain.

The Northern statesmen, in tones of outraged virtue, strongly deny any kind of religious or political discrimination. Catholics, however, have been deprived of their proportionate share of electoral power through the gerrymandering of con-

stituencies in order to create a slight Imperialistic majority. It is an incontrovertible fact that, in Omagh, County Tyrone, the Nationalists returned 26 out of 39 representatives under proportional representation in the British Election of 1919. The Northern Government has abolished proportional representation and so maneuvered the constituencies that the Nationalists are now able to secure only 18 seats out of 39 with the same voting strength.

It should be remembered, too, that Ireland is England's best customer. The balance in her favor until recently was about 16 million dollars. Until recent determined stands, Ireland was paying in annuities and pensions 30 million dollars yearly to Britain, even though a British Commissioner found that Ireland has been overtaxed millions of dollars since the Act of Union at the end of the eighteenth century.

The facts of the annuities dispute has been clearly stated by one newspaper correspondent: "Thousands of acres of Irish land were stolen and given to the mistresses of English Kings, and the descendants of these individuals want to be pensioned by the descendants of the dispossessed."

Again, by the terms of the "imposed" Treaty of 1922, the Irish taxpayers had to support a Governor

General in the South, appointed by the King, and at a salary of \$48,000 a year plus expenses totalling \$126,000. Another governor in Northern Ireland is still being paid \$35,000 a year. Thus a country the size of Maine, with a population of 4,000,000, paid more for ornaments than Americans pay their President.

Undoubtedly the present government in Southern Ireland is making some progress to right the wrongs inflicted by the Anglo-Irish Treaty. Yet the North has been sacrificed. Since England has thrown overboard her principles of anti-conscription during peace time, the North of Ireland has entered into a new political phase. The Protestants are clamoring for conscription; the Nationalists are resisting the measure. Britain has decided wisely not to enforce conscription in Northern Ireland or on Irishmen in England until war is declared.

When war breaks out, what then? Will the rest of Ireland ignore the plight of their sympathizers in the North? Will Irish Nationalists be forced to join the British Army, or will they revolt?

It seems evident that the "Irish Question" is once again to cause profound British uneasiness. Only when justice is finally obtained can there be peace.

# Apartment For Rent

By JOHN J. O'CONNOR



SOME years ago, having completed a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory on Lough Derg, I conceived the ambition of bringing my future wife, whoever she happened to be, to the holy island. We would make the stations together, fast rigorously, and keep the long night vigil before the Blessed Sacrament in the cold new church. Lough Derg, I thought, would be the best possible preparation for marriage. The unique penitential experience would deepen and strengthen our love. It would be sure to dwarf every obstacle and misunderstanding that might arise in the marriage relation. In short, if we survived Lough Derg, we could laugh at poverty and gaily triumph over those multiple anxieties that are inherent in the marriage state.

Circumstances made it impossible for me to return to Ireland. But I did eventually fall in love with an utterly charming but practical-

minded young woman who suggested that, as marriage presupposed a place of some sort in which to live, we should look about for an apartment.

I was amazed and somewhat irritated by Eleanor's uncanny ability to descend so swiftly and so directly from the empyrean realm of high romance to the sordid details of chintz curtains and a carpet sweeper. I must confess that I found it very disconcerting to be modestly proclaiming chivalrous and undying affection—and then to be answered, after a long, inattentive pause, in terms of cross ventilation and southern exposure.

We were both living in Washington at the time. My new job was in Brooklyn. With considerable misgiving I travelled north to make a preliminary survey of that great, sprawling city. I have explored Paris from Fontainebleau to Montmartre. I have wandered from Sicily to the Alps, knowing only six or seven words of Italian. Hiking in Switzerland never caused me a moment's uneasiness. In Ireland I possessed an unerring sense of direction. But Brooklyn baffled me completely. Everybody knew his own neighborhood fairly well—but not one step beyond. Whenever I accosted a likely looking guide, he invariably hailed from Brooklyn Heights and so, of course, was totally unacquainted with Flatbush.

Real estate agents are profound students of human nature. They possess almost clairvoyant powers. Step into their dingy offices and they will tell you at once that you are seeking the most attractive apartment in Brooklyn at a nominal rental. Somehow they always seem to have exclusive control over that very apartment. Upon immediate investigation, the apartment is found to be over a delicatessen shop with an unobstructed view of six rusty fire escapes.

If you express a desire for Brooklyn Heights, they will confirm your excellent judgment by remarking that the drinking water in Flatbush is not fit for human consumption. Should you suddenly veer to Flat-

bush, at the opposite end of the city, they will support your newest opinion by abundant testimony to the effect that the smoke from ocean steamers makes housekeeping in Brooklyn Heights a most arduous and fatiguing task.

Apartment hunting in Brooklyn in mid-August is comparable in many ways to the ordeal on Lough Derg. A Brooklyn summer is the last word in mental and physical discomfort. While making the preliminary investigation, I was always conscious of mighty streams of perspiration rushing down my neck and splashing over my coat-collar as over a waterfall.

At the end of the first day, my left foot was practically useless for ordinary purposes of self-locomotion. The skin had traitorously vanished from the tops of three toes. My left heel was badly blistered. Every step I took made me screw up my face into horrible grimaces. A taxi finally took me on an extended tour of Brooklyn to my hotel—which I ultimately discovered was only three blocks away.

When Eleanor arrived the following afternoon, I tactfully suggested lunch—another example of how lovers may work at cross purposes. In her desire to lose as little time as possible, Eleanor had snatched a hasty lunch. My one ambition, on the contrary, was not to save time but to delay the dreaded expedition as long as possible so as to permit only a few shopping hours that day. I therefore ate such a hearty meal that we were not on speaking terms when we left the restaurant.

There is no fool-proof technique in searching for an apartment. We carried with us sheaves of newspaper advertisements. We consulted friends. We were beguiled by real estate agents. We selected an attractive neighborhood at random and worked both sides of the street, invading every house that displayed a rental sign. Our ultimate success was probably the result of all four methods.

It is amazing what some people will unblushingly call a kitchen. It

was soon apparent that a gas stove and an electric refrigerator could be tucked into a closet, or crowded into one small corner of the reception hall, or hidden away in an alcove, or sandwiched in between the bedroom and the sitting room, and yet be displayed with a smug smile of satisfaction—as if modern engineering skill had done us a personal favor by practically guaranteeing a perpetually slim figure.

Apartment hunters should somehow be provided with a conversation manual. After the thirty-sixth apartment, asking whether gas and electricity are included in the rent becomes incredibly tiresome. My favorite query was: "Don't you think our studio couch would look well against that wall?" The landlord never answered. As we were only contemplating the purchase of that useful article, Eleanor was mute.

We had one very great consolation—the unparalleled concessions that landlords were willing to make to the cause of young love. It moved us deeply. One landlord promised to teach Eleanor how to bake a huckleberry pie. Another gave us his blessing. Upon one memorable occasion, we were so overcome with emotion that I signed a lease, not for twelve, but for fifteen months. But our new three-room apartment, fourth floor rear, near Prospect Park, had an honest-to-goodness kitchen.

"Never again," said Eleanor.

"Throw away your 'Apartment For Rent' sign," I told our landlord. "We're not moving again until Gabriel blows his trumpet."

Fifteen months later, the prudent landlord was flying his sign. We were very well satisfied with our apartment. It was quiet, warm as toast in winter, cool in summer. It had all the latest gadgets. It was convenient to the subway and to the shopping district. The rent was reasonable. Repairs and adjustments were always made promptly. The janitor service was excellent.

We were compelled to move, however, because we had a baby.

When Clare weighed only eight pounds, it was no unusual feat of strength to carry her up four flights of stairs. But Eleanor had to descend for Clare's many blankets and other accessories. She had to descend a sec-

ond time for groceries or for whatever shopping she had done that day. Every Friday we brought up the baby carriage. Every Monday we brought it down and parked it out of harm's way on the first floor.

After a very slow start, Clare thrived. She gained about six ounces a week. A passive little mite of smiling humanity soon became a squirming, twisting, turning, restless bundle of energy. Upon one occasion Eleanor nearly dropped her. That settled it. We organized our forces to search for an elevator apartment.

Our second experience in apartment hunting was not quite



so depressing as our first had been. The area of investigation was much smaller because we wished to stay within our parish limits. We visited about fifty apartments. One-fourth of the landlords refused to accept us because of the baby. Many apartments in our neighborhood were beyond our means.

Just down the street from where we were living was an elevator apartment house. A large, newly decorated apartment on the sixth floor was vacant. We fell in love with it at once. The view across the river to Manhattan was magnificent. We haggled over the price for nearly a week, but in the end we signed a year's lease—with one month's concession. The rent played havoc with our budget, but we felt justified in the added conveniences of an eleva-

tor and an extra room for Clare.

"So far as we are concerned," I told the manager, "you can throw away your 'Apartment For Rent' sign. We are going to be different from most New Yorkers. We do not intend to move every year."

For six months we were perfectly happy in our new quarters. We congratulated ourselves when friends spoke of the general unpleasantness that resulted from complaints about their children. Clare spent four hours daily in the park and three hours napping. She was put to bed again at six and slept soundly until seven-thirty the next morning. She rarely cried. The tenant next door remarked that she scarcely realized that there was a baby so near her.

Alas! Clare learned to walk. This usually welcome event proved to be our Waterloo. One rainy day, as Clare stepped daintily across the floor, we distinctly heard a protesting knock on the hot water pipes from the tenant in the apartment directly under us.

Immediately after we put Clare to bed, we discussed the incident and decided on a few measures—such as rubber cups for furniture, rubber soles for the baby's shoes, and a restriction of activity to her own room—which we hoped would eliminate this embarrassing situation. But the tap-tap continued. We looked wearily at each other and reached for the real-estate ads.

We are now living on the first two floors of a private, four-story, brownstone house and are perfectly satisfied with everything. We even have exclusive use of a small backyard where Clare can romp and play without annoying anyone.

Our landlady suggested that we sign a lease. But by this time we have learned that God never intended people to regard this earth, or any place on it, as a permanent abode. We are truly pilgrims. That is our normal condition. Eleanor and I were very fond of our last two apartments. But when the time came to move, we did so with the best possible grace. Experience has taught us resignation.

No, we did not sign the lease.



# Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER



**ALTHOUGH** the Drama Critics Circle could not agree on its merit, the Pulitzer Committee awarded the 1939 Drama Prize to Robert Emmett Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* and thereby expiated many past errors.

A Pulitzer award is not a novelty for Playwright Sherwood, one of the theatre's most prolific and expert penmen. His latest effort reveals his thorough familiarity with the character and the ideals of the pre-White House Lincoln. The story of the unassuming, small-town lawyer who preferred obscurity and the modicum of personal happiness left him after the death of Ann Rutledge, to the glories of the world of politics, makes excellent dramatic material. Sherwood's insight into his subject plus his unerring faculty for writing "good theatre" make the production an event in play-going.

In these hectic days when the word democracy is being carelessly used from every available soap-box and repeated into every microphone, it is a welcome relief to relive the story of one who really knew—and lived—the word in its truest sense.

There have been many other dramatizations of the life and career of the Great Emancipator, but none to date has captured the real spirit of the man who loved all the people all the time, as has this combination of the talents of Robert Sherwood and Raymond Massey.

Much of the credit for the play's success must go to Massey, whose sympathetic portrayal and forceful personality dominate the production. He brings to the role not only a personal resemblance but a brilliant, intense characterization of a man who by nature would have chosen the by-paths of obscurity, but whose burning ideals led him on to roads of glory.

*Abe Lincoln in Illinois* is one of

Irene Dunne, Billy Cook, Charlie Ruggles and Fred MacMurray in three scenes from "Invitation to a Beheading" which is soon to appear

the most completely satisfying dramas the theatre has presented in many seasons. It is not only suitable, but recommended for all audiences.

The most recent attempt on the part of the Federal Theatre Project to justify its existence came in the form of a musical revue called *Sing For Your Supper*.

It emulated, without success, two widely different forms of entertainment. Striving to be as scintillating and as clever as an intimate musical revue and at the same time as vitriolic and as censurable as the Labor Stage production, *Pins and Needles*, it failed to achieve either goal. If nothing else, the average Broadway musical comedy is usually tuneful and eye-filling, while the aims of *Pins and Needles* are never obscure to the audience, even though at times the urge to get up and walk out is rather strong.

If any theatrical producer thought seriously of presenting such an unprofessional hodge-podge of humorless sketches, bad acting and inept direction, his advisers and friends would surely hustle him off to the nearest psychiatrist.

The musical score could hardly be considered an asset, even by an ardent Project booster; the sketches were vapid and entirely lacking in that unknown, but very necessary, theatrical quantity called "punch," and most important of all, the members of the cast failed utterly in their attempt to convince the audience that their talents or their personalities were worth the time and the money expended in molding them into a musical revue.

Some considered the lyrics "delightfully risqué" and the sketches "of social importance." More correctly the former might have been classified as downright vulgar and the latter as thinly disguised "pink" propaganda.

A ballet number satirized the methods and the actions of the leader of a foreign nation, still

officially on friendly terms with our own government. The officials of the WPA should have been reminded of the existence of the code of international courtesy. In spite of the program note which states that the views of the Federal Theatre Project do not reflect the official attitude of the government, it is rather difficult to dissociate our administration from one of its sponsored agencies.

The Federal Theatre Project was established for the purpose of providing an outlet for the talents of the theatre's unemployed as well as supplying them with jobs. The members of the *Sing For Your Supper* cast may or may not have been professional performers before the advent of the FTP. If they were, the only excuse for their atrociously bad performance is that they have been away from the atmosphere of the professional theatre for so long that they have become mired in the careless methods imposed upon them.

That is the kindest excuse one can find for their high school over-acting, their cue failures and their general lack of stage presence. We doubt seriously if the theatre of tomorrow would be handicapped if the CCC or the Needleworkers' Project absorbed the singers and writers and directors who contributed their combined talents to the dismal failure of *Sing For Your Supper*.

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Viewed in retrospect, the 1938-1939 theatrical season takes on a healthier appearance than during the height of its activity. It is much easier to speak kindly of a play when looking back at it, than it is while suffering through those long stretches of monotony sometimes known as Act II. Though the legitimate stage is still in the convalescent period, several worthwhile contributions were made this past season to theatrical history, if not immortality.

Maurice Evans appeared in a full-length version of *Hamlet* to the delight of the admirers of the Bard of Avon. It is a personal triumph for Evans, who outshone all the Hamlets Broadway has seen in recent years. His appearance later in the season as Falstaff in *Henry IV*, though a finely drawn characterization, was more or less of an anti-climax.

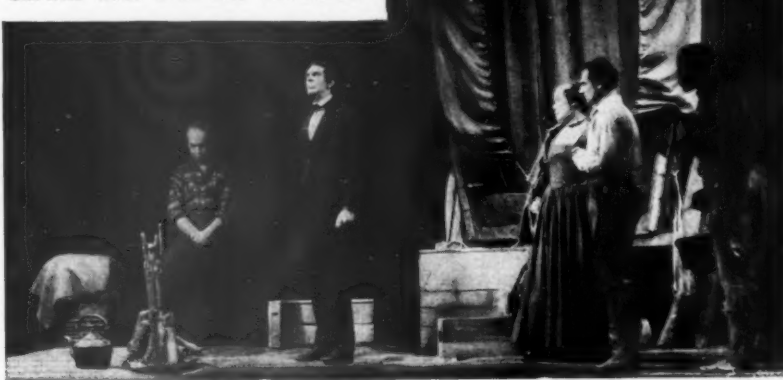
*The White Steed*, Paul Vincent Carroll's well-written but prejudiced view of the relationship between the

Irish people and the Church, was singled out as the best importation of the year by the drama critics. But even that accolade was not sufficient to heighten the public's lagging interest, and it has now embarked on a tour of the key cities to show American audiences what one ex-school teacher thinks of the Irish clergy. We sincerely hope that next season will see another imported play on Broadway giving the Irish clergy's views on ex-school teachers in rancorous moods.

A cast of important stars gave new life to the revival of Sutton Van's hit of a few seasons back, *Outward Bound*. Bringing to life the successes of former years has seldom been a profitable Broadway venture. In this instance it is the deeply moving performance of Laurette Taylor that provides the outstanding attraction. Her return to the theatre after a long period of inactivity is responsible for making *Outward Bound* the success that it has become in its second lease on life. Those familiar with the story know that it is a profoundly affecting fantasy on the subject of life after death. Its treatment by the Playhouse Company is reverent and expert enough to make it one of Broadway's outstanding attractions.

July and August might appropriately be called the months when dogs go mad and actors go haywire, for it is during that period that the summer theatres appear on the scene and manage to make life miserable for the barnyard inhabitants, unfortunate enough to be within earshot. All the suppressed desires and secret ambitions of the theatre folk come to light during those months under the magic spell of a hayloft stage.

Clowns with dramatic tendencies



A scene from Robert Sherwood's play, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," starring Raymond Massey

LUCAS & PRITCHARD STUDIO

find themselves playing Daniel Boone; immature ingenues are cast as politely coughing Camilles; the Sinclair Lewises decide to throw caution to the winds and appear in dramatized versions of their own best sellers; even Shakespeare is not forgotten, though we're sure he would like to be.

It doesn't make much sense, but it does keep the theatre's great and near-great happy during the summer and we've a sneaking suspicion that it makes the cows and chickens much easier to get along with, from September to June.

\* \* \*

The National Theatre and the Playwrights Company will shortly start a nationwide chain of theatres to present the best dramas of the past and present in an effort to revive popular interest in the theatre.

According to plans, the project will be on a non-profit basis with a low price range, scaled according to the conditions in each locality. Broadway stars will be featured in the hits of the past as well as new plays of exceptional merit. It promises to be the most important step for recovery in recent theatrical history.

The smaller cities throughout the country have heretofore had to be content with the occasional touring company or the offerings of the local Little Theatre group, neither of which proved to be the theatre at

its best. The road tours of Katharine Cornell in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and Helen Hayes in *Victoria Regina* broke the ice as far as bringing the important New York attractions to the outlying sections. They played one night stands in practically every state, and the audiences they attracted attested to the fact that the public was ready to support good actors in worthwhile plays. During his recent twenty-week tour in his musical comedy, *I'd Rather Be Right*, George M. Cohan averaged \$33,000 a week.

THAT is sufficient evidence that there is a market in the small cities for the more expertly done productions. The day when third-rate companies in carelessly produced offerings could do a thriving business is a thing of the past. Hollywood has seen to that.

It might also be a boon to the writers and directors, who will no longer have to plan their dialogue and their scenes for the so-called blasé New York audience alone. In the long run that will probably be the most beneficial part of the entire plan for the theatre. The "shockers" and the propaganda plays usually find scant support outside the metropolitan areas.

A national theatre may be just the impetus needed to put the drama back on its feet.

Mention of George M. Cohan and his tremendous popularity naturally brings to mind his continued refusal to accept any of the lucrative offers which have come his way. His reaction to Hollywood and its methods after his appearance a few years ago in *The Phantom President* is responsible for his stand.

It is unfortunate in view of the fact that his undeniable charm and wit and ability would reach a much wider audience than his infrequent stage appearances make possible. The Will Rogers pictures did much to brighten our early depression days; a Cohan film would probably work wonders in bringing back some of the lightheartedness which we, as a nation, seem to have lost in the succession of depressions, recessions and financial stagnations we have been experiencing.

The sly wink of the Cohan eye, the strut in the Cohan walk and the gaiety of a Cohan lyric might do

more for the public morale than an unlimited amount of political bromides. America's Number One Entertainer is sorely needed in the Hollywood trenches.

\* \* \*

All the ingredients for box office success have been injected into Irene Dunne's latest starring vehicle, *Invitation to Happiness*. The result is not startling in its originality, but the deft directorial touches of Wesley Ruggles and the sympathetic performances of Miss Dunne and Fred MacMurray do make you overlook the picture's shortcomings.

Basically, it is the old story of the prizefighter who aims at the championship. The novel twist is supplied by having him lose the title bout but regain the love and respect of his wife and son. Shrewd attention to detail plus the fact that the formula is tried and true, accounts for much of the film's success. Particularly well done is the final fight scene which for sheer realism has seldom been duplicated on the screen.

Irene Dunne is one of Hollywood's most versatile players. Equally at home in light comedy or in drama, she can always be depended upon for a convincing portrayal. Her contribution to *Invitation to Happiness* is responsible for a great deal of its credibility.

\* \* \*

Although Douglas Fairbanks has been absent from the screen for many years, his favorite character, Robin Hood, makes frequent returns in various guises and locales. The public seemingly never tires of the gay desperado type of hero, who always manages to accomplish the most impossible feats with a minimum of effort.

In *Captain Fury*, Brian Aherne steps into the Fairbanks boots as an Irish patriot sent to Australia for political reasons. He escapes from his captors and with a band of fellow prisoners starts a fast-moving campaign to correct the injustices of the land barons of the bush country. His Man Friday appears in the person of that fine actor, Victor McLaglen. Between them they see to it that justice triumphs before the final fade-out. Though it all has a familiar ring and the climax is no surprise, the comedy, romance and gay villainies have been combined in such a manner as to please even the most cynical audience.

It will find especial favor with those who believe that the screen should concentrate more of its attention and capital on the outdoor, adventure drama, for which it is so ideally suited.

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The world of tomorrow may or may not decide to follow the patterns laid out for it at Mr. Whalen's Fair, but of one thing we may be certain. Televised entertainment will play an important part in amusing and educating the next generation.

Just as the stereopticon gave way to the nickelodeon and the talkies were a natural outgrowth of silent pictures, television will probably eliminate the broadcasting of sound alone. The clarity and the balance maintained in the images televised in recent weeks have exceeded the expectations of even the most optimistic engineers.

The effect of this new industry on the stage and screen can only be surmised, but it is fairly certain to have far-reaching results. The addition of radio sight to sound will greatly increase not only its scope, but also its obligations to its audience. It might, therefore, not be amiss for radio to start its housecleaning early and begin to clear out some of its dusty corners.

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IN GLANCING over the list of recent and future screen offerings we were struck by the absence of the type of pictures the studios were prone to release not so very long ago. Films built around stars of the calibre and quality of Mae West and Marlene Dietrich can no longer be found on the production lists.

We considered it in the light of a reformation and were about ready to stand up and cheer this new idealistic attitude of the producers. We were, until we received a list of the five pictures making the most money during the first few months of 1939. They were *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, *Gunga Din*, *You Can't Take It With You*, *Boys Town* and *Sweethearts*.

Sophistication and sex are notably absent from that list, which made many things very clear. "Glamor" has not been paying dividends of late, while the honest, enjoyable human interest story has become the preferred stock of movie-goers. Hollywood, as always, has been quick to recognize a paying proposition.



# The Duel of Good and Evil

IN ALL that we have been saying hitherto of the probable or certain approaching struggle between the modern world and the Catholic Church, we have connected that struggle with *misunderstanding*. The two forms of ignorance, external and internal, the modern world's ignorance of what the Church is, and the ignorance of Catholics themselves upon their own doctrine and upon the nature of the contrast between them and the world around them, both breed misunderstanding.

But there is not a direct issue and a final quarrel bred from misunderstanding, such as are bred by the issue between good and evil. By modifying the ignorance on either side (our own ignorance and that of those who are opposed to us) we lessen the violence of the conflict. By eliminating the ignorance altogether we should presumably eliminate the conflict altogether at the same time—and there would be permanent peace. But there is another situation utterly different in kind from ignorance or misunderstanding. There is another direct, permanent, profound and mortal cause of conflict between the Church and the modern world. That other cause is the direct, native, conscious and essential opposition of good and evil.

Evil is active and conscious in its effort to destroy what is good, what is beautiful and what is just. The true, the beautiful and the good are not merely misunderstood or ill appreciated, but are also hated; and we must penetrate ourselves with that truth if we are to meet the severe trials to which the future will almost certainly subject us.

This statement of a possible antagonism between the good and the evil forces of the world, this assertion that a force for good, such as is the Church, will of itself provoke the destructive hatred of evil forces, is not a popular one today. A generation ago this fundamentally true doctrine of the opposition between

## *The Essential Opposition of Good and Evil Is a Permanent Cause of Conflict Between the Church and the Modern World*

By HILAIRE BELLOC

good and evil was widely and almost universally denied. There was a spirit abroad which took it for granted that everything was relative; that it was enough to understand one's opponent for him to cease to be an opponent; that there was no ultimate contradiction between holiness and the things of the pit. The existence of positive evil was denied; and the same frame of mind which would have it that the angels and devils were figments of the human imagination, denied the diabolical as pityingly as it denied the divine.

Throughout all the false ethics of the last generation, the Catholic Church maintained unflinchingly the true and ancient doctrine that the opposition between good and evil was real, essential and all-pervading.

She was right, as she always is, and the future will be proof of this in the nature of the coming struggle. The Church will be attacked not only through misunderstanding, not only through indifference, but through a direct and positive hatred which positive good excites in what is positively evil. In the conflict between the Church and the modern world positive evil will appear at work and the destruction of the Church will be attempted by it.

Here any one of my readers whose mind has been trained and developed on the older lines of relativity and the reconciliation of opposites may object as follows:

"Why should there be any such hatred and attack upon what is good? Is it not rather the nature of man to seek what is good, and therefore also what is true and what is beautiful, and to applaud it? Surely it is only by misconceiving the nature of the good or true or beautiful thing that anyone could really

come to hate it!"

Unfortunately, human society and the human

soul, human personality, are not built on such pleasant lines. The greatest of great pagan philosophers said that if ever a perfect man should appear among men we should all combine to tear him to pieces. Goodness in any form, and especially in the supreme form of holiness, provokes a reaction against itself. That reaction is always violent and often murderous, and that reaction will inevitably become violent in the struggle between the Church and the unbelieving modern world.

We have had proof of all this in Spain. Let us summarize the various explanations and excuses, many of them sound, which have been made for what is called the "Red" or "Left" side of political thought and action in Europe, and even for the obvious excesses and crimes accompanying this revolution. When we have set down all that can be said in extenuation of what has taken place, there will yet remain something not explained save by the action of the evil will in evil men, and their hatred of holy things.

Thus, we shall be told that the Church was identified in the mind of the Spanish urban worker with the wealthy classes who oppressed and exploited him. He burned down churches and desecrated shrines, murdered by the thousands men and women devoted to religion, because religion stood in his mind for the social class which he hated on account of the injustice he had suffered at the hands of that class. Cruder comment has been made (especially in England) to the effect that the Church in Spain was hated and that its destruction was attempted because it was a wealthy organization contrasting with the poverty of the people! This astonishing falsehood was a favorite one with the Anglican clergy whose whole point is their wealth but who run no risk for the simple reason that they have no united doctrine

and therefore cannot be attacked as a party.

It was pointed out, quite truly, that the proletarian urban worker had, under modern industrial capitalism, been treated with abominable injustice, and if you treat men so they will seek their revenge. All that is true, and the case in favor of a social revolution can be argued with great plausibility and with certain elements of truth that are not to be overlooked or denied.

POPE PIUS XI emphasized in a phrase, already quoted in these articles, the injustice which industrial capitalism has exercised over the bodies and minds of men. He has said that it reduces the destitute to conditions "little better than slavery." You may see industrial capitalism at work on all sides, allied with usury, and doing or trying to do exactly that—breaking up the family, destroying human homes and treating mankind as mere machines for the accumulation of wealth in a few hands. No wonder (it is said) that men thus abused and suffering injustice took violent vengeance.

Again, the Church is highly organized, and the unorganized fears and tends to hate the organized.

Again, the Church makes claims which are to the ordinary man fantastic and, when put into practice, intolerable. She claims to be the one divine authority on earth; she demands obedience in the hardest things and promises rewards or threatens punishments of which we have no evidence from our senses and experience.

One might continue with many another proof or example of why and how the Church should be hated, but when all these are exhausted there remains that inexplicable thing, the rage against the Church as Church; the lust for destroying, for rooting out the Catholic religion.

In cases innumerable where there was no question of wealth or exploitation or social class, or anything but the intense and direct hatred which evil feels for good, could you see that hatred at work, not only in the hostile action itself but in the peculiar degree of intensity of that action. The enemies of religion in Spain have not merely murdered men and women of religion; they

have murdered them under horrible conditions of torture, and have gone beyond the limits of any past enormities of the sort. While the revolution was attacking this and that, while it was proposing Communist and anarchist remedies for the injustice of capitalist society, it did in practice yield to an unbridled appetite for cruelty of the vilest kind and on the widest scale.

There is no getting over that this is plain fact and there is no explaining it unless it be true, as it is true, that the spirit of evil hates what is good and beautiful and especially what is holy. No amount of sympathy for the oppressed, no amount of protest against injustice, can excuse or even explain what are tamely called the "excesses" of this dreadful thing.

There is, according to our philosophy, a heaven and a hell. If this be true then undoubtedly these things came from hell.

So much for the Spanish example. It is obvious, indeed it is glaring and we have it right to hand; but shall we say that it is but a peculiar local thing, a sort of explosion the violence of which was soon past?

No: we cannot say that. The sort of evil which hates what is good underlies the whole affair and continues to underlie all the threat of the Red revolution today. Read the news that you receive from all over the world and mark how what is today called the "Left," or Red, side acts in its propaganda without any regard for truth whatsoever: how it invents the most fantastic falsehoods and pours them out daily throughout the press of our civilization.

There is another element in all the affair which no one can fail to notice. You may approve of it, but you cannot deny it. I mean the suppression of the Faith. Wherever the Red influence is at work throughout the world it undermines the Faith; wherever it is in power it destroys the practice of the Faith. The children of the towns under the Red domination in Spain passed three Christmases from which the Christmas tradition was absent. The first action of the revolutionary government wherever it appeared in Spain, as in Hungary, as in Russia, was to attack man's worship of God and man's craving for the supernatural.

That is not to be explained away. That is not an isolated accident. It

is the very heart of the affair. In this universal and intense antagonism between religion and the revolutionary spirit of today you have a direct proof of the struggle between good and evil which underlies the whole affair.

Now, in the future this element of the relations between the Church and the world will be emphasized. That is inevitable. It would seem certain that the last phase of the great quarrel will present us with a repetition of what was seen in the first phase of it. In the first phase, when the Church was growing, the mark of that growth was the persecution she suffered. In the last phase persecution will return: overt and fierce.

\* \* \*

We have no recent or proximate experience of active persecution. We read of horrible sufferings in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, inflicted during the course of religious quarrels. But these were due to the passions of men inflamed on what each party regarded as the right interpretation of Christian doctrines and Christian tradition. When that conflict died down the cry was all for toleration. It became gradually taken for granted that nothing of the sort could come again. Men could not conceive of persecution connected with "modern thought."

But if you turn to a more remote past you can more easily understand how even the mild liberal-minded sceptic, or the man who holds no more than some vague philosophical opinion, may react violently against the Catholic Church. He would become exasperated at what he will call her lack of reason.

THAT was the case of that particularly mild and rather bloodless fellow, the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, and may well be the attitude of the State when the last relic of Christian tradition has died out save among Catholics.

We still live in the last effects of the old traditional Christian morals, badly diluted but not yet wholly eliminated. When their last consequence has faded away, save among Catholics, may there not appear those horrors, those triumphs and therefore those glories forgotten by our generation?

For my part I think the trial will eventually come.

# THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



## Sr. M. Joseph Chang's Death

By SR. ETHELBERTA

A RECENT cablegram from China announced the death of Sister Mary Joseph Chang. Sister had been seriously ill for some time, and hence the news was not entirely a surprise. It was no less distressing on that account, for by her death the Sisters of Charity of Convent, N. J., were bereft of one of the most consoling prizes of their missionary work in China.

Sister Mary Joseph came from a family that has rendered amazing service to Holy Mother Church. In a

souvenir folder issued in 1937, to commemorate the silver jubilee of the ordination of Father Matthew Chang, an uncle of the deceased Sister, we read: "Five generations of the Chang family gave forty-three religious to the Church." This is the record of the members of the Chang clan of Pootung, Shanghai, who have spent their lives for the Church from the years 1872 to 1937. We will better appreciate the character of Sister Joseph if we place her against this background of extraordinary devo-



tion to God and the Catholic Faith.

Ten of the Changs are secular priests, three are seminarians in the major seminaries and four in the minor seminaries of Shanghai. Mary Chang, an aunt of Sister Joseph, was the first Chinese girl to enter the Shanghai Carmel. She received the habit in 1877, and was followed later by two other members of her family. Seven of the clan are Little Sisters of the Poor; five are Helpers of the Holy Souls; one is a Daughter of St. Vincent de Paul. We find one in Honan Province, a Missionary Sister of the Sacred Heart. Shanghai's native Community, the Presentation Sisters, has the largest quota of the family: eight sisters.

Mary Chang was born in Pootung, twenty-six years ago, and educated by the Helpers of the Holy Souls, in Shanghai. Her father's business often brought the family to Changteh, Hunan. In 1925, Mary Chang first met the Sisters of Charity. The first group of these Sisters to go to China were obliged to interrupt their journey for a week or two in Changteh. There was no convent in the city at that time so the Spanish Fathers asked Mrs. Chang to give the Sisters hospitality. Her kindness to the Sisters has since been a byword in the Community.

**I**N 1927, when the Red trouble broke in Hunan, the Sisters had to leave their Mission for the coast. After a dangerous trip they reached Changteh. Their supplies were gone and it was impossible to buy food at any cost; the people were afraid to help the Sisters, for fear of the Red-infected soldiers. Mrs. Chang and Mary were in hiding for their lives. Mr. Chang and his son had been arrested and put in jail for being Catholics. The mother and her daughter, hearing that there were Sisters and priests in some of the boats, and that they were without food, went out and collected what they could. At night they brought the supplies to the boats, and promised to help our group to escape.

After nine months the Sisters returned to Changteh and again were welcomed by the Chang family. This time Mary wanted to return to Yüanling with the Sisters, her one desire being to become a Sister of Charity. During the Red trouble she had been ill with typhoid fever and had promised the Lord that if she



*Sr. Mary Joseph Chang*

recovered she would enter religion. Since her family had espoused her when she was a little girl, there was some delay in getting the papers back from the family into which she was to have been married.

In 1933 Mary received the habit and the name Sister Mary Joseph. She made her profession in June 1935, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart. It was a day never to be forgotten for most of us. The Christians were invited to be present at the Mass, which was offered by Father Flavian, C. P. As the Sacred Host was elevated, Sister Mary Joseph pronounced her Holy Vows in her native Chinese tongue.

The Sisters now had their second Chinese religious. Only those who know the Mission field can realize the joy they felt on that day. As we left the chapel an incident occurred that will be indelibly impressed on our minds for years. Sister Mary Joseph was the first to leave the chapel. She turned to greet the Sisters and taking Sister Finan's hands, she said: "After God, I owe my vocation as a Sister of Charity to Sister Finan. I want you all to know it." Little did she dream that in four short years her work for God would be finished.

After her profession, Sister Mary Joseph was appointed to teach in the school. She often helped in the dispensary and went on sick calls.

One day, after spending hours by the side of a woman who had studied doctrine for years, but still refused Baptism, we left for home. As we passed a house, we were called in to see a baby who had smallpox. Sister talked to the mother for several minutes and then turning said: "Water." We knew she was going to baptize the child in secret. As we left the house, thinking of God's ways in giving the gift of faith, Sister said, "I do not wonder Saint Vincent de Paul told his Sisters to sacrifice a thousand lives to save one soul. He knew how dear souls are to God." She then discussed the reasons why she thought the woman refused to be baptized, and said: "Don't worry, we will get her two girls later on." Before a month had passed they were admitted.

In 1936, Sister Mary Joseph's health failed, but she insisted that she would be better when the spring came. She kept on her feet as long as she was able to get around. When she felt too ill to go to school, she went to the dispensary and relieved the Sisters who were there. Many times we would listen to her telling the country people, who had never seen a white woman before and hence wondered at our habit, the reasons why she, a native, wore that "funny hat and dress with so much cloth in it." Days when too ill to go out she would go to the chapel and spend hours praying for the Sisters and for the conversion of her own people.

Sister Mary Joseph Chang is dead, but her spirit of zeal and charity will live on. Many, many times when things went wrong she would say: "Don't worry. Remember Sister Devota's dying words: 'I can do more in Heaven for the missions than I will ever do here.' She will take care of it. Don't worry."

From a human outlook our loss is great. Chinese Sisters are so necessary for the work among the Chinese people. They know their ways of looking at things, their mentality, their customs, their difficulties. They know when to be kind, when to scold, when to insist on orders being carried out and when apparently not to see anything. But God's will must be our will. Perhaps before long He will send us many more candidates, anxious to follow Mary Chang's example of charity. It is our prayer that they come soon.

# The New China

By QUENTIN OLWELL, C.P.

**C**HAOTIC China rears its mighty hulk before the eyes of a worried world. The land that conjures up to men's imaginations the placid countenances of a quiet race content to wrest a livelihood from their farms and rivers now seethes and rocks from the terrific impact of war. China is turning over in the furrow where the centuries had planted it.

Up to a few years ago China had been something of an enigma to Westerners. A writer not many years back entitled an article on China—"China the Inscrutable". Under the old regime in China contact with the outside world by the Chinese, and scrutiny of China by the foreigner was rather frowned upon by the Imperial dynasty. All with the result that China was quite generally unknown. Of late years, however, a keen interest in China and things Chinese has grasped the minds of the peoples of the Occident. Of course, it would take volumes and volumes to give but a faint idea of this vast country and great people. I shall, however, touch briefly on a few highlights which may be of interest to you.

First of all China has an area of four million square miles, in which live over four hundred million people. China's story is really the story of her land. A land of vastness, ruggedness and contrast. A land that holds the highest mountains, high, wide plateaus, great rivers, broad plains; a land where the climate varies from the high arctic winds of Mongolia to the warm rains of semi-tropical Kuantung.

In this land there lives nearly one-fourth of the earth's people. And behind this people there lies four thousand years of history, a history of rich civilization. While the rest of the world was still in barbarism, this culture or civilization had acquired a great learning, a flourishing art, a deep science. Here Confucius had explored the mind of men before Aristotle. Here paper was made,

printing presses used, gun powder invented, and the compass and other instruments in use long prior to their appearance in the Western world.

Although in some measure this culture declined, its forms remained up to modern times. The life of the people was the same, but the spirit of China's ancient world had withered. Sure of a strength that had lasted four thousand years, China had shut its eyes to the fundamental changes that had marked the world during the preceding few centuries. The old Imperial dynasties, having forbidden contact with the foreigner, became the victim of their ostracism, and left China disabled at a time when modern progress and its technical results were upsetting the whole world and changing the balance of social forces. The natural consequence was the Chinese National revolution, arising out of the eagerness and good will of the people, anxious to substitute themselves for an impotent court, and an out of date and sterile officialism.

The duration of any legitimate

revolution is proportionate to the masses among whom it works, to the problems it has to solve, to the disinterestedness of its leaders. The Chinese revolution had to lead nearly a quarter of the population of the globe to a new era; it had to make up for over a century of lost time; it had to repress the upholders of the old regime; it had to guard against itself falling into the abuses it had set out to cure, or by going too far, of erring in the opposite direction.

Ordeal after ordeal had to be met during the building of the Chinese Republic. Ordeals of civil war, ordeals from Communism, ordeals from the other powers who, seeing China enfeebled, offered their help, which China often discovered to be not so disinterested. And thus through one vicissitude after another the people of China went on forming their Republic until in 1928, there emerged victorious the present Central Government, under its present leader, Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek.

When we go back to the pioneer days in our own country, and think



*The Great Wall of China, symbol of her isolation. Modern China was advancing rapidly before the war which is still in bloody progress*

of the conditions then, the days before the railroads, the automobiles, the various inventions of the past century, and compare our lot today, the word progress looms very large indeed. In China, for the ten years following the establishment of the present Government one can say that almost the same amount of progress was made. When the history of those ten years is written it will leave the reader speechless. Thousands of miles of railway laid and put into operation; tens of thousands of miles of highways built; telegraph and telephone connections set up throughout the vast country; modern systems of education founded, reaching into the most inland cities and towns.

**I**N A word, the progress that China made was marvelous, and within another twenty years she would have been enabled to take her place among the family of nations as a flourishing, modern, up-to-date country. But alas, a brother nation took advantage of her absorption in internal developments, and struck a blow that brought all to a stop. This in itself was terrible, but the reason alleged for the blow added insult to injury; the reason alleged being that the Government of China was Communistic; that the Chinese people were Communists. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Twelve years ago there was a real danger of Communism in China, spread by Russian propagandists under the cloak of re-education of the

Chinese masses, and of helping China in her revolution. The heads of the Chinese Government, however, saw the trap and in 1927 the National party rose against the contamination in its ranks. Then followed a military repression that lasted eight years, until finally the remnants of the Communist forces were relegated to the province of Shansi.

This ended the military phase of the anti-Communist drive of the Chinese National Government. More than one hundred thousand Government soldiers laid down their lives in trying to rid their country of Soviet influence. All that was now necessary was a vigilant watch. Finally in 1936, after the Sian-Fu incident, the chiefs of the Communistic movement came to see that China was on the right road, and was being directed upon it by a leader thoroughly patriotic and fully righteous. After a time these chiefs effected an agreement with the Central Government whereby they gave up their determination of forcing the people to follow them, and pledged allegiance to the Government. This allegiance they have gloriously proved by their heroic deeds in the present conflict, fighting for and under the orders of the Central Government. Nearly one half of their men have been killed in battle, and their places taken by soldiers sent to them from the Government forces.

Every country may be said today to have a Communist party—we have one right here in the United States. So too in China some of the dilettanti

and youth playing around with Marxism call themselves Communists. But it is grossly to misrepresent the truth to say that, because of this and because the former Communist troops, now the eighth route army, are resisting the invader under the Government, the Chinese Government is therefore Communistic and the Chinese people Communists.

**O**N THIS point, emphatic and conclusive is the testimony of Bishop Paul Yu-Pin, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, now in the United States as Special Envoy of the Chinese National Government Relief Commission. In a recent radio address, Bishop Yu-Pin said: "Through extremely efficient and unscrupulous propaganda, the Japanese repeat that they were forced to invade China in order to prevent the spread of Communism. The truth is, that instead of helping China in its anti-Communist campaign, the Japanese invasion of Manchuria in 1931 and the later invasions hindered the Chinese government. When Japan began the war, Communism was no longer a problem in the China united politically and economically under the leadership of Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek. Surely it is impossible to conceive that the hearty support of the Chinese hierarchy and missionaries, made manifest to the world, could be given to a government which is in any way Communist, which has made a member of the Catholic hierarchy its envoy to appeal for 30 million of its citizens, who are so desperately in need. My mission here in America, let me add, is in no sense political, but is devoted entirely to charity."

In another part of his address the Bishop gives a cross-section of the actual conflict in China. He speaks as an eye witness: "It is now twenty-two months that China is under fire. More than two hundred cities, and a great number of inland villages in nearly all the provinces of China, have been bombed incessantly, some as often as a hundred times. Peasants have been mowed down in the market places by airplane machine guns. Fishermen along the coastline have been continually bombed. Cities have been not only razed but looted, looted voraciously, as after the fall of Nanking which was looted over a period of two months. Women fortunate enough to escape the death-dealing



*Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., Sister Teresa Miriam and Sister Finan with a few of the refugees who are crowding in upon Yüanling Mission in Northwestern Hunan*



bombs have been subject to rape. Children have not been spared, but I shall not tell you how these innocent little ones have been cruelly treated.

It is not surprising, then, that millions of Chinese people in dread of such atrocities have fled westward away from undisciplined Japanese soldiers? In the western provinces of China there are thirty million refugees who have been forced to leave their homes, and who, but for public charity, would starve to death. If help is not forthcoming, these 30 million face starvation. Never in the history of the world has such a vast number of people at any one time been threatened with death by starvation. Heartbreaking, indeed, is the plight of the children, hundreds of thousands of them, separated from their parents, and now living in state or private institutions. It would only distress you further, were I to recount more instances of the moral and material disorder and injustice resulting from the unhappy conflict that is devastating the Far East."

It is of the utmost significance that the great inner provinces of China—the original China in the first place—hitherto almost untouched by modern times, maintaining their medieval civilization, not knowing and unknown to the world, are suddenly being populated by the modern Chinese. Universities have been taken wholesale into this heart of old China. The Ministry of Education, despite tremendous costs to the Government at this critical time, is proceeding steadily with its work at Chungking, far in the interior of Szechuan Province. For the National Government is pursuing in the midst of its distress an extraordinarily sane and far-sighted policy. It is ordering students to go on with their education. Let the invaders bomb and kill, let them even seize territory and plunder; China is too big for them. They cannot possibly get it all. They cannot conquer the inner provinces, and into these go the brave young minds, not for refuge or escape, but that they may be made ready to serve China, to re-build and plan and make her a greater country than she has ever been before.

One of the forces helping China take her rightful place among the nations of the world today, is the spirit of Christianity, brought to

her by Christian missionaries. True, the number of Christians compared to the population of the country is still small. But it is the yeast leavening the masses. With the aid of their universities and colleges and schools, with their hospitals and charitable institutions and, above all, with the preaching of the eternal truths of God to the Chinese people, the missionaries are helping to keep China from the pitfalls of extremism, and are enabling her to remain in the golden middle of sanity, truth and stability.

I am not familiar with the statistics of the Protestant churches in China; but it may interest you to know that the Catholic Church has twenty-five Chinese Bishops among its three million and a half Chinese members. That means that twenty-five districts, or, as we call them, dioceses are cared for by Chinese Bishops and priests. In other words, Chinese Bishops and priests are caring for the spiritual needs of their own Chinese people. Helping these are hundreds of foreign missionaries who have left their homes in Europe and America, following the command of Christ Himself to carry the gospel of Faith to our brothers in China.

China is in possession of a fine culture, thousands of years old. The missionaries go there to enrich it further still by making known to the Chinese people the splendors of the gospel. And really we feel privileged, especially now in her time of great

distress, to be working with China—aiding her to care for millions of refugees; for thousands of wounded soldiers and civilians, for her many orphaned children. It is our fond hope and daily prayer that with the aid of those who appreciate the sorry plight of the Chinese, that justice will soon triumph, and that there will emerge from the present conflict a new China—a China made strong by its sufferings, a China that will be an example to other nations, a China that will be blessed by God.

The loyalty of the missionaries to their adopted countries is not something new. The history of nations contains many stirring examples of religious who were outstanding patriots among the peoples to whom they had devoted their lives. We believe that the priests and Sisters who are now sharing in China's agony, and doing what they can to relieve it, are making an indelible impression on these suffering people. But our opportunity will be enlarged, and our spiritual ambitions more quickly realized, if we may count now on the prompt and generous cooperation of our friends who are interested in our work. I am sure it will be forthcoming.

What I have written will, I trust, furnish the general background of conditions in China at the moment. By next month we hope to have more details of conditions in our own Vicariate—especially of the bombings of our Chihkiang and Chenki Missions.



Fr. Paul Ubinger, C.P., in charge of refugee work at our central Mission, welcomes some travel-worn folk who have journeyed hundreds of miles from their homes

# I Learn to Walk

By JAMES LAMBERT, C.P.

ONCE again it is Sunday morning. We are to say Mass at Tan Wan, a small town on the Mayang River which empties into the Yuan River at our city. As the day promises to be a fine one, we decide to cross the Yuan in a boat, then walk to Tan Wan, some miles away.

As we reach the river, the mists are just lifting from the water. The opposite shore cannot be seen; neither can the skiff which ordinarily carries folks across the river. "Hi! A boat! A boat!" yells Jake. And soon the ferry boatman is seen, rowing in our direction through the morning fog.

It is pleasant sailing over the waters at this early hour. And, now that we are out on the waves, other boats are seen making their way through the mists. In a few moments the other shore is in sight. As we step out on land, Jake hands the boatman a piece of paper money, worth ten cents (about two cents American money). "Fah tsai! May you become rich!" he says to the boatman.

The morning air is exhilarating, and I decide to stretch my legs. It is a fine morning for walking. The people here are noted for their ability to cover the miles. Even old folks can make fifteen to twenty miles in a day. But I once toted a letter bag for Uncle Sam along country roads, and walking has no terrors

for me. As I trot along, somewhat in the lead of Jake, I imagine to myself the young lad is all agog with admiration at my ability to walk.

All of a sudden, "Hey! Sen Ful!" calls Jake. "You walk like a man pulling a boat!" That stops me in my tracks. And Jake goes sailing by, giving me an imitation of what a "la ch'ien' tih," or boat-puller, looks like. Long steps. Body bent forward. Arms swinging from side to side. It certainly is nothing to write home about.

"Hmm! Well, how should I walk, Jake?"

"Like this," says Jake. "Th jaw', ih jaw' tih! Put one foot just ahead of the other!" And he goes along at a fast pace, yet very gracefully. It is a vast improvement on the way the "la ch'ien' tih" looks, so I decide to try it.

Thus we go along for awhile, Jake steadily gaining ground, as I painfully take my first lesson in walking. Then the bright cheery face of old Sol peers over a hill, on the other side of the river. Two tiny clouds to either side, like tufts of white hair. He looks like old Foxy Grandpa, smiling at the boys. I can almost hear Grandpa saying, "Now what are you boys up to?"

I forget my new steps, as I admire the scene. The white mists are now crimson; the sun a great ball of

molten gold, the hills below in dark shadowy contrast to the glory in the heavens above them.

"That is a wonderful sunrise!" I exclaim.

"Uh!" says Jake, as he continues to move gracefully along. Evidently, now that Jake is in the lead, he must imagine that I am all agog with admiration at his ability to walk. Human nature is a funny thing. We move on, past a white wall. With the sun on one side, and the wall on the other, my shadow keeps step with me.

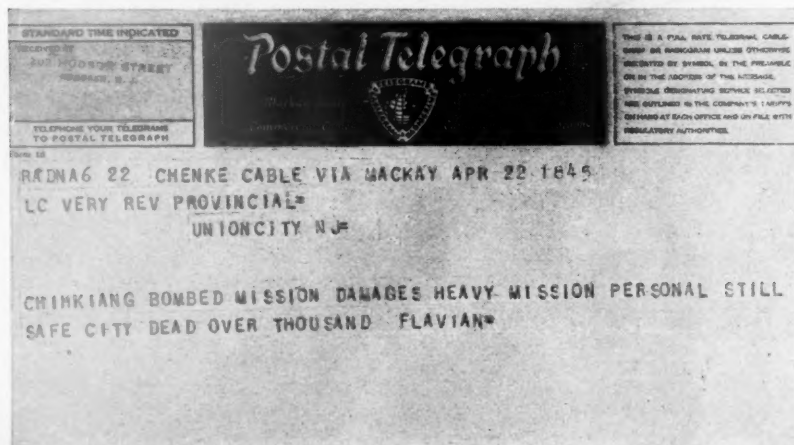
I TAKE one look at it. Hippety hop! Hippety hop! goes the shadow. "I guess Jake is right!" I say to myself. And I resume my efforts to ambulate gracefully.

Now we have reached the half-way mark to Tan Wan. A little white-washed building arches itself above the road. Inside are seats on either side of the right of way, for weary travelers to rest themselves. But we must move on this morning, and make Tan Wan in time for Mass.

A little distance beyond this shelter, the road winds its way between lonely tree-covered hills. At either side of the path are heavy thickets. It is here that travelers are sometimes waylaid by bandits. Jake and I both use the gait with which we can travel fastest, as we go through this section of the country.

We are now out on a broad level plain. As far as the eye can see are rice fields on every side. At the roadside sits a beggar in rags. "Please sir! Do a kind deed!" he sings all the day long. Under a shady tree a man has placed a small table, covered with packages of cigarettes. The cigarettes will be sold, one by one, to travelers longing for a refreshing smoke. Carriers go by, bearing baskets of vegetables on either end of poles over their shoulder. Soldiers are going through their morning drill, in a dry unplanted rice field.

The sun is quite high in the heavens as we walk down the street of Tan Wan. We are soon at the



The cable which brought the news of the Chihkiang disaster

Mission, and as we enter the guest room, the men are gathered about a little charcoal fire. They rise to their feet and bow. "Tsao huo! Tsao huo!—Come warm yourself by the fire!" they all say: a familiar form of greeting, when one enters a home on a winter's day. The fire consists of bits of burning charcoal, placed in a shallow iron dish. The dish stands in a small wooden frame, about six inches from the ground. Folks pull their chairs or benches around the fire. A little kettle of tea or water is left simmering above the coals. A rice cake or two may be laid upon the fire tongs, and toasted over the fire.

As the people warm themselves and drink tea or boiling water, they exchange bits of news, and fight over and over again, this terrible war. As Mass has not yet been celebrated we dispense with the drinking of tea, but gladly take the opportunity to warm ourselves at the fire. Jake is now in his glory. Having just come from Chenki, a town where there is a small daily paper, and where the wireless news bulletins are pasted on the walls of the main street, Jake is now the center of attraction. The men drink in his every word, as he narrates what is going on at the front. Thus the moments pass, until the bell is rung for Mass and morning prayers.

**T**HE morning prayers are recited in musical tones. First a prayer on the men's side of the church; then a prayer on the women's side; and so on, alternately. There are certain prayers to be sung at different parts of the Mass. The people are very attentive to the actions of the priest at the altar, and practically the entire congregation receives Holy Communion.

Mass over, we greet the Christians. Then folks go home for breakfast. As the young gentleman in charge of this out-Mission is noted for his fine cooking of Chinese food, Jake and I decide to linger awhile, before returning to Chenki. Soon we are sitting down to a fine meal of rice, pork, and "peh tsai," or Chinese cabbage. Each man is given a bowl of rice and two chopsticks. The bowl is held in the palm of the left hand, the chopsticks between the thumb and finger of the right hand. The rice has been boiled in such a

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FLAVIAN=				

*A second cable told tersely of the bombing of Chenki*

manner that the tiny pieces cling together. By dipping the chopsticks into the bowl but once, a fair amount of rice is picked up. There are no knives or forks. Hence, before cooking the meat, it is cut up into small pieces. A bowl filled with these little pieces, together with two bowls of vegetables, is placed on the center of the table. Now and then, we reach into these bowls with our chopsticks, pick up a bit of meat and vegetables, and place them on top of the rice. Eaten together with the rice, they are very tasty. When the rice bowls are almost empty, and only tiny pieces remain, the bowl is lifted to the lips, much as we lift our tea cups. And the pieces of rice are pushed into the mouth with the chopsticks. This is not so easy as it sounds. Bits of rice lie on the table before me. But Jake! He drops never a piece.

When the rice bowls have been emptied, Jake takes them to a wooden bucket that is standing near the table. In this bucket is contained all the rice that has been cooked for the meal. The rice bowls are refilled several times during breakfast. I may take two or three bowls. Jake can eat as many as five. Having finished my last bowl of rice, and Jake having still two more to go, I beckon to him and the young gentleman. "Eat slowly!" I say, and place the chopsticks on the table. "Will you have tea or hot water, Sen Fu?" asks the young gentleman, as he reaches for a small cup. I take the hot water; Jake takes tea.

Breakfast over, we return to the fireside. The young gentleman passes

around cigarettes. Jake places a large flat rice cake on the fire tongs, and puts it over the coals to toast. He places the little water kettle to one side of the fire. He lights his cigarette from the burning coals, and resting his feet on the small wooden frame that holds the fire dish, sits back. And Jake is ready to talk war, doctrine, the price of rice, or bandits to anyone who may come in.

**A**N OLD man with white chin whiskers and twinkling eyes appears in the doorway. Although he is not a Christian, he comes in to see us when we visit town. We rise and bow. "Tsao huo! Tsao huo!" we exclaim. "Come warm yourself by the fire!" The old man smiles his thanks. Out of respect for age he is given the place of honor at the fire. "You know, Sen Fu!" says Jake, "this man is some eighty years old. And his mother is still living. She is ninety-eight years old." I take another good look at the old fellow. Hale and healthy, twinkling eyes,—what must he have lived through in these eighty years. "How is the war coming along, Sen Fu?" he asks. A familiar question, nowadays, on the lips of old and young.

It is time to return to Chenki. We rise to go, the Christians accompanying us to the Mission gate. We turn, bow; they bow, and once more Jake and I are off on the long, long trail. I have forgotten completely my lessons in fancy stepping of just a few short hours ago. Hippety hop! Hippety hop! As we move along, I am somewhat in the lead of Jake.

I mentioned in my last article that





The staff of the temporary Yüanling Hospital: Dr. Y. S. Chiang, Fr. Paul Ubinger, C.P., Sr. M. Finan and Mrs. Peng, R.N.

Jake was in search of a wife. He had middle-men all over the territory. I beg leave to announce, that old Mr. Song, who takes us to Pushih in his boat, was the successful middle-man. The young maiden from Song Chia Loo is now ensconced in the doctrine school. She is studying her catechism. If all goes well, after Easter she will be the bride. Jake will be the groom, and I will be the officiating clergyman.

And, so I was going along, hippety hop! hippety hop! You know! The old letterman stride. Sort of keeping time to an old tune,—words go something like this,—“Look! Who’s coming down the street! With jaunty cap, and suit so neat. The postman ’tis, and what has he? Maybe a letter for you or me. Ding-a-ling-a-ling! Ding-a-”

Two young ladies pass by. Nothing unusual! I mean, that is an everyday occurrence. And, since I have just announced Jake’s impending marriage, you know that he is rather fixed for life. We proceed on toward Chenki. “Ding—a-ling-a-ling! There’s nothing so pleasant, as the postman’s ring!”—Evidently those two young women must have smiled at my gait. Because Jake comes steaming up from the rear. “The way you come along a rice path, Sen Ful!” says Jake, in a serious, confidential tone of voice, “Really, *yoo i tien mao’ ping*—there is some defect!”

The lesson is on once more. Jake not only shows me how to walk swiftly, and gracefully. But he gives

a few imitations of different types of walking. Here is the man with lots of money, who comes along as though he owns the world. Here is the high official, grave demeanor, solemn step. Here is the proud fellow, head thrown back, chest well out. “Haw! Look at me!” I, however, am to learn nothing of these. Simply “*ee jaw, ee jaw tih*,” says Jake. One foot before the other. And so we move on toward Chenki.

We have reached the shore opposite town. What a change from the early morning. Now the sun glistens on the water. Boats are moving up and down and across the river. As it is market day, the Chenki shore is crowded with people. A boat is ready to put out for Chenki. It is filled with people.

“Hi! Wait a minute!” yells Jake. “We are going over too!”

“Hurry! Hurry!” calls the boat man. “We must be on our way.”

The boat is so crowded that I am for awaiting another. But Jake sees an empty space in the very center of the long skiff. To reach it he climbs into an empty boat alongside. He crawls through that boat until he comes opposite the vacant place, I after him. Then, over the side, and “plunk!”, down into the first boat.

Now we are seated and ready to go. No signs of starting. “Hey! Lao pan!” says Jake to the boat man. “Put out from shore. Put out from shore. First you tell us to hurry. Then you do not move.” And everyone has a laugh.

But the old boat man smiles. “All right!” he says. He makes a few pokes in the shallow water with his long pole, but does not push the boat an inch. The old fellow has spotted two more men coming down to the shore. Two more men means two hundred more cash—a little more than two cents U.S. currency. And so he pokes with his pole until the men are on board. A third man is seen in the distance. The old boat man is for awaiting him also. But to do so might cost him his scalp. Everyone is now clamoring for him to put out. Since more than one man has promised to give him the extra hundred cash, he pushes the boat from the shore, and we start over the river.

Many an interesting sight is seen as we move along. A great boat in full sail is bearing down on a small

skiff that is crossing its path. All eyes are turned toward it. As usual, however, the skiff crosses before the prow in the nick of time. On the other side, a small boat comes speeding in our direction from the Chenki shore. For a mast, the man has rigged up a long bamboo pole. For a sail, a piece of straw matting. The only passengers observed are two black and white pigs. They may have been bought at the market, and are being taken home to fatten. The pigs seem to be enjoying the ride. At any rate they are not squealing, as was their distant cousin, on his way to the butcher’s, in the morning.

As we near the shore, the boats anchored there are so many that there does not seem to be room for our skiff. The old boat man and his helper push the other boats with their feet and poles. But they seem to make little headway. The passengers are now standing up, impatient to step out on land. Jake, however, has a plan of his own. As soon as we crash into a nearby boat, he is over the side, I after him. Then through that boat, and out to the land. As we make our way to the Mission,—“Well, Jake!” I say, “Next Sunday we sail for Pushih!” Jake says nothing. But a broad smile comes over his countenance. At any rate, on the way to Pushih, the Sen Fu will be sitting down in a boat. And it will not be necessary to coach him in the art of moving gracefully as it was on the walk to Tan Wan. However, I shall not forget the lesson my boy gave me.



A group of refugees from distant parts. One earns a few coppers by her sewing



# WOMAN *G* WOMAN



By KATHERINE BURTON

## *An Untrue Family Portrait*

A PLAY is running in a New York theatre which must fill Catholics with very mixed emotions. In fact it ought to make anyone who is a believer in the divinity of Christ feel outraged.

It is called *Family Portrait*. It is the story of Our Lord's supposed family and their life together. It includes in its cast not only His mother, but also the brothers and sisters with whom the false translation of the King James Bible has endowed Him. It tells His life and His death, His influence in the world, mostly as seen through the eyes of relatives, with especial emphasis on His mother. The critics unite in saying it is a beautiful play, that Mary is played with much sympathy. They were all moved by it in that strange way in which anything that has to do with Christ moves men and women—a fact that has not had the study it deserves. He is explained over and over by all sorts of people, but He is never explained away by any of them—and that is another fact worth studying.

But to me the most interesting and intriguing criticism was that of Mr. Watts of the *Herald Tribune*. "The mystical matters concerning the birth and death of Jesus are wisely passed over in the interest of straightforward story telling," he wrote. That is one of the most astonishing sentences I have ever read. Mr. Watts of course does not see the implications of his remark. For what is the story of Christ if not that of "mystical matters"? If we leave out these mystical matters we leave out all the New Testament story. The authors of this play have built it upon one sentence in Saint Matthew (King James version) about Christ being the brother of various people there named. Any prophet would do for their purpose, or in fact any fictional hero made up by themselves. For it is an appealing thing always to tell the story of the man who comes to save and is destroyed by those he wants to save. Walpole and Dostoevski and many another have used this theme, which is commonly known as the Messiah complex among psychologists.

What makes this play a living thing is not the fact that it is about a prophet and his family, now proud of him, now ashamed, or of his mother who loved him. For there have been other victims of social conditions, who also loved their sons and half understood what they were trying to do. What makes this play a holding one, and one which playgoers and critics applaud, is because it is about Jesus Christ. And the other thing that holds them is the fact that it is about a self-sacrificing man, and most especially because it is about a Man who they cannot help but feel, somewhere inside them, was something more than a man.

## *Communism in Harlem*

I DON'T know how it is in smaller towns, but in a large city one cannot get away from Communist propaganda, whether street-talking or hearing of their help to the poor—especially in those portions of a city where, because of hopelessness and poverty, recruits are easier to get. Some statistics on the Harlem region of New York brought to my attention lately show what inroads are being made there among the colored people. There are in Harlem twenty-nine Communist centers, houses or stores, where the Negro may go for recreation, for reading or for talking—but especially for being inoculated with the virus of modern Russian teachings. There are also seven Communist camps for children—and they are entirely free.

The cheapest camp to which Catholic colored children may be sent costs six dollars—little enough, but since six dollars is sometimes all the money a whole family has to live on for a week, no one member could go to camp for even a week. There are three hundred and fifty thousand Negroes living in Harlem and thirty-two thousand of them are Catholics. Catholics who are interested in Harlem are trying to get funds to send eight hundred children to camps this summer, and of these twenty per cent have a decided diathesis toward tuberculosis. And this is only a very small percentage of Harlem children, but even of these there is fear that some may go to Communist camps where they are made happy and comfortable with material things—and then slowly but definitely indoctrinated with the tenets that promise them enough to eat and wear and a comfortable place to live in—if only they will agree to become Communists.

The one thing they cannot be promised there is the spirit of love. For the things given are given as bribes (though the takers may be unaware of this) so that later they may be filled with the proper spirit of hate to make good Communists of them. In the end this will not be enough, for love comes out ahead always, but the Christian love should come in time to avert a cataclysm which may take centuries to undo. The sympathy, the prayers, the dollars of Catholics ought to come swiftly to meet such a situation as this. It should be done not only for the sake of Christ's colored children, but for our own, for a great group like this which has been taught hate holds potential danger to us all. I asked some people who know Harlem well, after hearing of these centers and camps, "Where does the money come from?" And they shook their heads, for though they know Harlem well they don't know the secret of whence come funds for Communistic propaganda. All they know is that it is plentiful.

# Putting Christ on the Spot

By DAMIAN REID, C.P.

**T**HEN were gathered together the chief priests and ancients of the people into the court of the high priest, who was called Caiphas; and they consulted together, that by subtlety they might apprehend Jesus and put Him to death." (Matt. 26:3.)

It is to be noticed that the method determined upon for the capture and trial and conviction of Jesus was—subtlety. Now in the circumstances subtlety means only one thing. It means deceit, trickery, double-dealing. It means doing a thing for one reason and pretending that it is being done for another reason. That is, of course, sometimes justified. There is nothing improper about misleading someone where the misleading is a part of a game. Those tactics are accepted in card games and athletic contests and such like.

But situations of this nature establish the limit to which trickery can be used. Trickery may not be used ethically in the more serious businesses of life. It may not be indulged in where it would transgress on a man's right to his life or his property or his reputation or his title to know about matters which in an important way affect these rights. A football coach may invent deceptive formations. But it is another thing entirely for a grocer to give his customer deceptive weights.

The subtlety which the chief priests and ancients had devised for the removal of Christ was this. First they would bribe one of His friends to lead a guard of soldiers to Him and point Him out from the others by saluting Him with a kiss. Secondly, they would try to trick Him into a bad legal position by cross-examination and by that technique which is familiar even in this day and after all these years—by hiring witnesses to perjure themselves. Then they would present Him to Pilate as a really disturbing political influence.

In the meantime, they would circulate stories among the people to the dis-

credit of Christ, so that a demonstration could be staged before Pilate to convince him that even if he thought the case against Christ was unjust, nevertheless he would consider it the safer and more convenient thing politically, to sentence Christ to crucifixion. Once Christ was dead their job would be done.

The elements of this plan were bribery, perjury, politics and propaganda. Bribery in the contract with Judas. Perjury in rehearsing witnesses in the story they were expected to tell. Politics in forcing Pilate's judgment by threatening him with reprisals from Caesar. Propaganda in artificially and dishonestly exciting public opinion.

They wanted Christ to die. But killing a man is a serious thing. It is a procedure which is restricted by very severe ethical conditions. The man must not be an innocent man. And to verify that contingency he must be tried by all the judicial facilities of the state. The verdict in his case must be given after well-reasoned and unprejudiced consideration. Such a verdict is just.

But this was the only method that the chief priests and the ancients could not use. If they had used it, Christ would never have gotten so far as a trial. They would not have found a true bill against Him. And if by some innocent lapse or guilty collusion on the part of their grand jury the case had come to trial, and that trial were conducted as it actually was conducted, then the action would have been dismissed as a mistrial, provided that justice were its object.

**T**HE trial was not held in legal circumstances, since it was held at night—a thing that was specifically forbidden. The witnesses did not tell a consistent story. The judgment was finally made on a prejudiced interpretation of the answer Christ

gave to a question, the question being—"Art thou the Christ, the son of the Living God"—and the answer being "I am."

The question was very shrewd diplomacy. But it was not legal. A prisoner could not be asked to testify against himself. But in this case He was. And His judges stepped out of their role as judges, became witnesses against Him, then stepped back again and adjudicated.

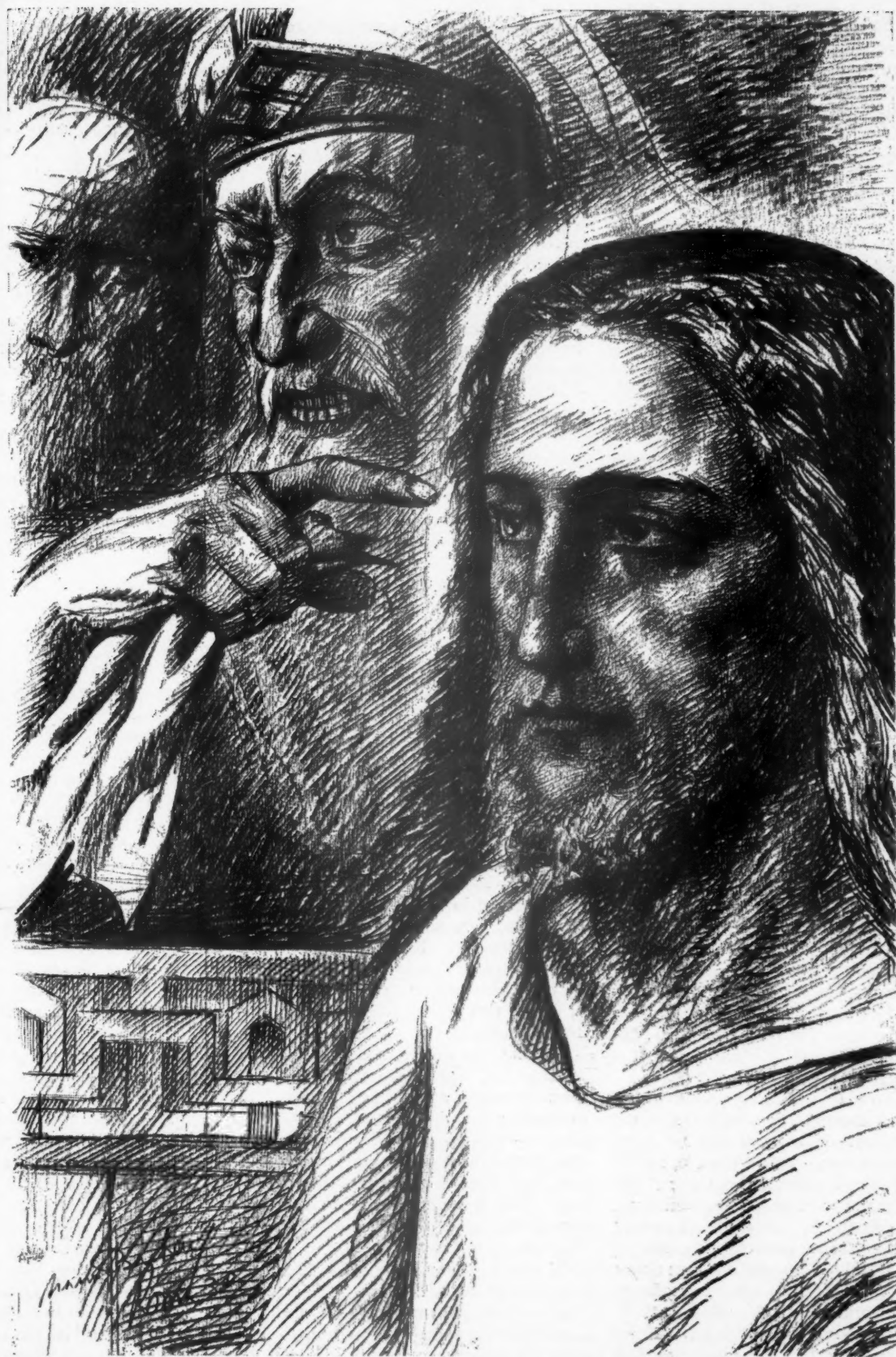
**T**HE real fact of the matter was not that Christ was the innocent victim of a miscarriage of justice. That assertion would not throw the emphasis in the right direction. Many a guiltless man has had that experience. Christ was condemned precisely because He was so completely innocent. His innocence was fundamentally the reason for His condemnation.

Here we must say a word about the chief priests and ancients who are referred to as the ones who procured the conviction of Christ.

They comprised an institution called the Sanhedrin, which at the time of Christ was the supreme court of justice among the Jews. In this group were also numbered the scribes whose function it was to teach and interpret the laws of God. This tribunal, in its membership, was both religious and civil. From another point of view, the complexion of their religious persuasion, this membership was divided into two sects, the Sadducees and the Pharisees. The Sadducees were out-and-out materialists, disbelieving in spiritual existences such as angels, and in immortality. The Pharisees were casuists; and while they upheld traditional belief, they had built up so many gratuitous observances around the law that it became intolerable to those who attempted to live by it. But while by their casuistry they loaded discipline upon the lay-Jew, by that same casuistry they made a good living for themselves.

*Like the Chief Priests, Scribes and Pharisees of Old,  
Many Moderns, Too, Find It Expedient To Be Rid of Christ*





*"Then the high priest rent his garments, saying: He hath blasphemed; what further need have we of witnesses? Behold now you have heard the blasphemy. What think you? But they answering, said: He is guilty of death."*

These facts are important because they answer the question—why their concern about Christ? Why did they want Christ to die?

The answer is simply that Christ was in their way. He was in their way in the same sense that a policeman is in the way of a gangster when he happens to walk onto the scene of a hold-up. In the language of the day, Christ was interfering with their nice profitable racket. That was a sore spot in those days as it is in these days.

Christ discredited them. Not in the authority which they validly held to teach the law of Moses, but in the ordinances which they established for no other reason than to add to their own prestige and their own pocketbook. Christ tore aside the veil of piety with which they had covered their selfishness and vanity, and made them the subject of a sermon to the people.

He warned the people not to take example from the Pharisees and Scribes. "According to their works do ye not; for they say and do not. All their works they do for to be seen by men. They love the first places at feasts and the first chairs in the synagogues, and salutations in the market-places, and to be called by men—master."

THAT is the sort of statement that flicks a man on the raw. Vanity is such a silly little vice. It lacks the sweep and depth that invests other vices with a kind of perverted human dignity. The vain man is a small man by any kind of human reckoning; he so flagrantly outrages the natural democracy which God put into the human soul. The spontaneous reaction to his foolish social crime is not horror or sympathy, but disgust. Vanity is childishness that has grown aged.

"Woe to you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because you shut the kingdom of Heaven against men; for you yourselves do not enter in, and those that are going in you suffer not to enter." They would not participate in the spiritual revival which Christ was effecting among the people. They did not care about the works of God except insofar as the works of God contributed to their personal graft. If a Jew did not sit at their feet, he must not find salvation at anyone else's feet. "Woe to you Scribes and Pharisees, hypo-

crites, because you devour the houses of widows praying long prayers. For this you shall receive the greater judgment." Here they are parasites, praying for a fee, and doing it on a time basis.

The whole litany is concerned with cheap, greedy little vices. They put on long faces. They allowed usurers and short-changers to set up their booths in the temple. They prayed to God on the street corners if someone happened to be looking. But they never noticed God when only God was looking. They were hypocrites and Christ called them hypocrites. They were miserly and Christ did not hesitate to brand them with that name.

This was certainly not a convenient situation for them. Christ was taking their following from them. And that meant that their profits and their social position were imperilled. Either Christ would have to go or they would have to go. Either Christ would have to die, or they would have to amend and become genuine. It is quite in accord with their record that they decided Christ would have to die and they would have to continue to look sanctimonious.

It is significant that the cause of Christ first encountered these tactics in His own day and in His own person. It is significant because it prophesied the fate of that same cause down the years. The cause of Christ is still meeting the hypocrite, who is really mean and cheap, and who because he is mean and cheap is at variance with the cause of Christ, and who because profit or convenience is concerned must get rid of Christ, and who in getting rid of Christ will always claim the very highest motives.

Caiphas, the president of the Sanhedrin, had said at one of the meetings which had been convened to decide what was to be done about Christ:—"It is expedient for you that one man should die for the people and that the whole nation perish not." That was the keynote of their opposition. It is expedient that Christ be gotten out of the way.

Of course, that was long ago. But it is not so far a cry from that to the modern picture. One of the notable features of current experiments in government is that it is expedient that Christ for some reason must be evicted. It is expedient, for

instance, that Hitler should get rid of Christ. The reason why the Scribes and Pharisees resorted to the expedient was because they were cheats. Could it be that Hitler too is at bottom what is popularly called a faker? Perhaps his whole totalitarian system is fakery. That would explain his reaction to Christ satisfactorily. In that event Christ would be a most dangerous person to have around. He could see things so clearly. He had a positive genius for spotting fakery.

LENIN found it expedient to be rid of Christ. How the expedient worked in that case is another of the contemporary mysteries. The Soviet experiment could hardly be a more monstrous and crazy failure than it is. Perhaps Christ will eventually be brought back to the Kremlin—even on a strictly business basis. Perhaps Joseph Stalin will some day tell his commissars that they might as well give Christ a try as a counter-expedient because the future could hardly discover confusion further confounded than it has consistently been in the past history of Sovietism.

And possibly, Christ would be just the tonic needed by a proletariat that has spent its brief political career with a hungry stomach and a nightmare of terror. But even at that, the Soviet has been much more successful in one department than Hitler. It unquestionably has made better use of bribery, perjury, politics and propaganda.

But this old affair of Christ and the hypocrites is applicable to individuals as well as to groups. It is applicable to the person who bribes himself, who propagandizes himself, who lies to himself, who plays politics with his own conscience. It is applicable to any person who will try to justify any act that is at variance with the law of God, who by subtlety puts Christ to death.

But the old affair always ends the same way. The hypocrite eventually falls into the hands of Christ. Death claims him in the end. And in the meantime Christ proves Himself more subtle. He saw through Judas. He gave Himself up to the soldiers. He would not defend Himself in the courts. He died. But He arose from the dead to fulfill His mission on earth, and then He went up into heaven to await the arrival of the hypocrite for judgment at His throne.

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WHEN it became known that Sir Robert the Parson had been to see Father Prior on urgent business, the community at Highcross applied itself to the not actually forbidden but strictly discouraged art of putting two and two together. Brother Doorkeeper had inferred the urgent from the expression of Sir Robert's countenance. He passed on the impression to Brother Paul in monastically modulated tones when the latter came to fetch the door mat to give it a shake. Brother Kit, who had taken charge of Parson's gray mare, had likewise inferred urgent, and in spite of a reasonably well-observed rule of silence the community became aware of the fact that there was something brewing. Had not the Archdeacon lately made his visitation in Sir Robert's parish? Sir Robert might well have something of import to tell Father Prior in these days when the smaller Priors were being asked to give an account of their usefulness, the world having gone mad over learning of the human kind.

When Father Prior summoned the community to the Chapter Room that he might speak to them of a certain matter, it was with mixed feelings that the Brothers assembled. The older ones frankly dreaded some disturbance in the even tenor of their lives. Archdeacons are fidgety folk, out to drive blasts of wind through still pastures. The present assembling was no doubt due to Parson Robert's visit to the Prior. The wind might be even now blowing through their own orchard. The

younger ones were rather hoping for some dramatic announcement. It is casting no slur on piety to suggest that it may become monotonous at times.

As for Brother Gabriel, the youngest novice, he sat there shaking in his sandals—if one may so put it. He was convinced that Father Prior had collected the community in order to tell them that its youngest member had failed to take the spirit of the Order and was forthwith to be expelled. It was not that he had not tried his hardest, but that perfection was such an elusive goal. He could never do a thing quite perfectly however easy it seemed. Not well enough, that was, to be able to offer it to God as an act of holy religion.

Father Novice Master might have read his heart—he was a wonderful man was Father Novice Master—and seen that he didn't love God half as much as He could be loved. Gabriel trembled as he thought of that, partly from fear and partly from the glory of the thought.

The others, the middle-aged, sat calmly enough. They were not fearing expulsion; they had learnt that perfection is a kind of divine will-o'-the-wisp that is not meant to be overtaken, or else where would a wight be who had attained it and was yet vowed to its pursuit?

Father Prior took his seat, with Father Novice Master at his side. The latter was looking somewhat preoccupied. Father Romuald was a holy man of studious habit. He spent much time in the library and was well versed in the Scriptures and

the writings of the Fathers. Father Prior, however, seemed cheerful enough. He ran his eye over the assembled Brothers, and addressed them.

"I have received a visit from Sir Robert the Parson," Father Prior announced, "He tells me that His Right Reverence the Archdeacon hath lately visited his parish and finds that his parishioners are not more than passably well instructed in the mysteries of religion. He is firmly of a belief that where a sermon fails a mystery play can oft-times reach the dull wits of those that need instruction. He has therefore commanded Sir Robert that a mystery play be made, to be acted for the good of his parishioners; the same on the subject of the fall of our first parents—the '*felix culpa*' from which hath arisen the Mystery of the Incarnation."

Father Prior paused and looked around. "Sir Robert be in a great state of mind," he continued, "for the making of a mystery play is fraught with much disturbance amongst the people of the village, who if they be apt in the art of mumming make strife amongst themselves as to who shall play the different parts. It is well known that Jock the Miller well-nigh slew his brother-in-law, the wheelwright, in a dispute as to who might play the part of Lucifer the last time they acted a mystery play."

The audience allowed itself a slight smile. It was well known that the part of Satan was always the coveted one. It contained what is



often called "the meat of the piece."

"Sir Robert, in his extremity," Father Prior went on, "has come to me and begged that the said mystery play be acted by my community in our priory church. The villagers will come hither for their instruction in the mysteries of our Faith."

All eyes were fixed on Father Prior. Some of the old monks gazed out from under ominously bent brows. They were constitutionally opposed to innovation. The younger ones were alert to hear more. Brother Gabriel had a light dancing in his eyes. He was always ready for anything, the anything that he did being, as it were, the throbbing response to a vision which a Pope, some centuries later, called "Catholic Action."

"I have invited Father Romuald," Father Prior inclined his head towards the latter, "to write out the story of the Garden of Eden in the vernacular, and each one may learn the words that he has to say."

Father Romuald bowed gravely. It was no light task this that Father Prior was giving him. Not that he was not apt at translating the Latin, or even it might be Greek, into the people's tongue, but for him the story of the Garden of Eden held a Mystery which was high and also deep, and was but the veil of a Mystery on which the mind might meditate for a lifetime, feeding on a truth which had clothed itself in analogy.

THE common story told in the plays was like unto a fable told to children. In it Eve was but a greedy wench that fancied the sweetness of a juicy apple, as a child might steal one from its mother's cupboard and earn for itself a taste of the rod; and Adam a weakling that could not say "no" to his wife. The vengeance of Almighty God would appear to be out of all proportion to the offense.

But how was the mystery to be otherwise represented? Adam's pride that made him wishful to make his own choice of what was good and what evil. Would a rustic audience rise to the subtleties of Adam's usurpation of the prerogative of His Creator?

Brother Gabriel watched his Novice Master's face. The words "*felix culpa*, happy fault," were making music in his ear. They held within

them the summing up of God's goodness, and of His power. It behoved evil to be if God could make good to come out of it. Brother Gabriel's heart sang. All was exceedingly, wonderfully well.

Father Prior ran his eyes once more over the assembled Brothers. "I will now settle on those that shall play the parts," he said. "I have prayed for guidance in this matter and it has been shown to me that the part of Adam should be played by Brother John."

Brother John received the intimation with no great show of feeling. As a matter of fact he had but lately been sent into the kitchen to replace the cook who was on the sick list and he was all on the fidget to get back there. These sudden conveniences of the community interfered with the practical work of the house.

"Brother John has fine muscles and sinews," Father Prior commented. "He will make a good Adam, I am sure."

Brother Bruno, a shrewd-looking young monk, looked as though he would have liked to controvert the assertion. Adam presumably did not develop muscles and sinews until he had been forced to till the unkind soil of an accursed earth—but this was not a disputation so he held his peace. Brother Bruno was a great light at disputations. He himself was long and lean and narrow-shouldered.

The Prior's eyes travelled over to where Brother Gabriel was sitting. "Brother Gabriel will do well enough for Eve," he said. "He has more the look of a maid than any other of us."

Brother Gabriel flushed. His eyes sparkled. He took no offense at being likened to a woman. The *felix culpa* was Eve's as much as Adam's, and was not Our Blessed Lady known as the second Eve? She would help him to remember his words and to say them properly.

"For the serpent," Father Prior continued, "I have been moved to choose Brother Bruno. He is as thin as a stick and can well fit inside a serpent's skin."

A little laugh went round the community. Brother Bruno joined in. He suspected the choice of having been made on account of his sharpness of wit. Brother Bruno had no great prejudice against being likened to a serpent. Father Prior

had taken their natural qualities into account; he had chosen a simpleton for Eve, now he was selecting one that could best play the serpent, the most subtle of all the beasts of the earth, to wit (he expressed it to himself in other wise), the "star turn" of the Monks' Disputations.

The preparations for the production of the mystery play of Adam and Eve went forward in due course. Father Romuald took down the great Bible in the Latin tongue which stood on the shelves in the library, and Brother Gabriel carried it for him into his cell. The business of making an English version in the form of a play commenced.

QUILL and ink-horn were requisitioned, and some scraps of paper from the Scriptorium. Father Romuald was no penman and the fair copy would be made from his rough script by a Brother cunning in the art of lettering. It was discovered that Brother Gabriel could write a fair, round script and the Novice Master selected him for the task. He liked to keep Brother Gabriel under his eye. Some said that the youngest novice was the apple thereof, but Gabriel awoke no enmities; only one or two of the ancients shook their heads and said that the young novice would, in the end, probably lose his soul.

There were certain difficulties to be faced on the practical side. Chronological adjustments had to be made so that Eve might appear wearing a tunic before the eating of the forbidden fruit, but those were points that did not greatly trouble Brother Stage Manager. Stark realism was not required, even when a production was not one carried out by a community of monks. Gabriel in his long white undertunic would be Eve enough for the spectators. Brother Bruno sewn up in a length of striped canvas would look the serpent to the life. It might be assumed that the original serpent did walk on his tail, for, as Brother Bruno pointed out, how else could the curse of crawling on his belly have operated by way of punishment?

Brother Gabriel entered into his task of transcribing Father Novice Master's rough script with customary zest. It was enthralling to read the story of Adam's sin and meditate on it as he copied the words that

were so full of meaning, strange and hidden, but capable of setting his heart athrill. They brought other words to his mind: "for as in Adam all men die even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Our Lady was the second Eve. Through her all became alive in Christ, the Son Who was born of her.

It was good to be taking the part of Eve in the Mystery Play. In his mind Gabriel called the tragedy of Eden "The Happy Fault." Had he been Brother Bruno he would have suggested the title to Father Romuald who quite possibly might have adopted it.

Brother Gabriel was seated at his desk engaged in the task that was so well to his liking when Father Novice Master made his appearance. He stood for a moment quietly taking stock of the Brother who sat there absorbed in his task. Then he spoke.

"Brother Gabriel, listen. Brother Cook is single-handed in the kitchen. I wish you to go and give him a helping hand."

Brother Gabriel started at the sound of his Superior's voice. He had just inscribed the letters "Ser" on the page. There was more to follow to complete the word but he set his pen down and sprang from his seat:

"Yea, Father."

Father Romuald studied the other's face. Washing dishes and keeping an eye on the spit might, to judge from it, have been as alluring a task as acting as secretary to Father Novice Master. He walked over and looked at the manuscript.

"Give the serpent his tail," Father Romuald said, "and then be off to the kitchen. I will find another Brother to complete this for me."

Brother Gabriel cast just one glance over his handiwork as he wrote "pent" up against the "ser." The manuscript was all but completed. It might have seemed a pity that it should not all be in one hand-writing. Another Brother might have his own way of shaping his "p's" and "q's". But it was not for him to say so. He slipped out of his seat and out of the Scriptorium.

At the moment he was feeling intoxicated with spiritual wine—the joy of doing what he was told to do for the love of God. The kitchen was hot and smelt of greasy soup and the brothers came in and talked.



"Taste it for yourself," he said, "and see that it is a sour apple, right enough"

Brother John, or "Brother Adam" as they had started to call him, was new to his job. Like Brother Gabriel he had been transferred from another charge for the good of his soul. He was standing there with an immense pan waiting on the table. There was a huge fire burning on the hearth and Tip, the turn-spit dog, was sitting there wondering if it meant a roast.

He hailed Brother Gabriel's advent with evident relief. "Get you to the orchard," Brother Cook said, "and gather me some apples for cooking. Sour ones, mind." He pointed to a basket in the corner.

"Gather them in that, and, mind—sour ones that are not good for eating raw."

Brother Gabriel picked up the basket, alert to gather the most cookable of the apples in the orchard for Brother John, whose fate it was to swelter in the kitchen when the breezes were blowing through the orchard like the south wind blowing through the Garden enclosed that was sung about in the Canticle of Canticles. Brother Cook shouted after him. "Don't touch those on the tree with the white trunk, (one tree answered to that description). Make haste for I have the pan ready."

Brother Gabriel sallied forth towards the orchard. On the way thither he passed old Brother Simon being led by a companion for his daily breath of fresh air. Brother Simon turned the tail of his eye on the basket. "The little Brother goes to gather apples," he said. "Haply we shall be having apple dumplings for dinner again."

THE orchard was famous for its variety of fruit trees. It was used by the community as a kind of pleasance, especially when the blossoms were out and the daffodils peeping from under the trees. In fruit-time it was also a pleasant place. Brother Gabriel had not often been in the orchard. He entered into his task with delight. Green apples abounded. He collected a basketful of small ones of authenticated sourness. In the distance he could see Brother Bruno. He was talking to old Brother Simon. He hoped Brother John would find the apples to his liking.

As Gabriel wandered along he found himself in front of the tree with the white trunk. The apples on it were large and luscious-looking. As the little Brother stood admiring them there was a soft sound and Brother Bruno appeared, moving in his noiseless way.

"Hullo," Brother Bruno said. "What are you doing here?"

"I be gathering apples for Brother John to cook," Gabriel told him.

Brother Bruno cast a glance at the apples in the basket.

"You have not gathered any of these big ones," he said.

"Brother John told me not to pick these," Gabriel answered.

"I suppose they are sweet, and good to eat as they are."

"Not a bit of it," was Brother Bruno's reply. "These are cooking apples right enough. They make magnificent apple dumplings. I did hear something about there being apple dumplings for dinner."

Gabriel scratched his head—the shaven part. "But Brother John told me not to touch them," he said.

Bruno smiled. "Brother John is new to his job," he said. "He has yet to learn that it takes a big apple to make a dumpling. Who would make an apple dumpling out of crab apples? It would be a charity to save him that humiliation."

Gabriel surveyed the situation.

"Couldn't you go and tell him that?" he suggested. Brother Bruno was wondrous clever; he knew everything. It seemed a pity that poor Brother John should not benefit by his knowledge.

"Pooh!" Brother Bruno said. "Take him the apples and let him see that you know better than he does and can help him when need be." He stooped and picked up an apple which had fallen from the tree. "Taste it for yourself," he said, "and see that it is a sour apple, right enough."

Brother Gabriel stretched out a hand. Then he withdrew it in haste, as though it had been a viper that was being held out. "But Brother Cook told me not to touch the fruit on this tree," he said. "And," he added, "I would not have him think that I knew better than he did, for in sooth it cannot be so."

Brother Bruno clucked with his tongue. "You will never learn to make apple dumplings," he said.

Gabriel answered in desperation: "But I came not here to learn to make apple dumplings," he cried, "I came that I might learn how to obey."

Brother Bruno shrugged his shoulders. Brother Gabriel had not intelligence enough to listen to reason. He was glad that he was not his Novice Master, anyway. He moved off, in the curious gliding way that he had. He had caught sight of Father Romuald in the distance. He would rather have liked to stop and speak to him about the play but he wished to go and tell Brother John that he had got a simpleton for an assistant, and also to put him wise in the matter of selecting his fruit for culinary purposes.

Brother John was standing at his kitchen door gazing out towards the orchard when Brother Bruno passed that way. The latter saluted him. "Your new assistant is on his way back," he said, "with a basket full of crab-apples. I hope that meets your need?"

"Right well," Brother Cook replied. "I am this day making a store of apple jelly."

Brother Bruno was looking at him blankly. "I thought it was apple-dumplings," he said.

Brother Cook grinned. "You all be wanting apple-dumplings," he declared. "Brother Simon tottered in here just now to know if it were to be apple-dumplings. I'll make you

some," he added, "next time. I'll need the apples from the tree with the white trunk for that."

His eyes twinkled. "Brother Eve should be no bad hand at picking apples," he remarked. Then he added: "perhaps Brother Serpent gave him a hand?"

As for Brother Serpent, he looked the other fairly and squarely in the eye. "I tried to persuade him to take and eat the fruit of the forbidden tree," he said, "that he might know the difference between good and evil as regards the use of apples. But Eve was too clever for me this time. She refused to seek to know better than the one that she was out to obey."

"Well, see, here she comes," Brother Cook said. Brother Gabriel was approaching. He was carrying his load of apples and Father Romuald was walking at his side.

Brother Cook was turning over the fruit in the basket. "You have not brought Adam an apple from the forbidden tree," he commented. "Methinks Father Prior should not have chosen you for our first Mother. A pretty Eve you are, Brother!"

Brother Bruno added his comment. "If Eve had behaved like our Brother here," he said, "it is interesting to speculate on the difference that it would have made in the world's history."

"Then there would have been no *felix culpa*," Brother Gabriel said. "But," he added, apologetically, "I could not pick the fruit of the tree that I had been forbidden to touch—not even to teach Brother Cook how to make apple dumplings."

BROTHER BRUNO debated the question in his mind. "Aye," he agreed, "I take it that it was Adam's sin that he wished to be showing His Creator how to make apple dumplings."

It was Brother Bruno who recounted the whole story to Father Novice Master, craving a penance for having anticipated his role of the Tempter.

And it was through the domestic drama that was played in the orchard when Brother Cook was making crab-apple jelly that Father Romuald was able to make the Mystery Play which is still acted by the novices on feast days when the community makes merry, and which is known by the title of "Eve and the Apple-dumpling."



*It Is Not As Far a Cry As It Appears from  
the Burning Bush to the National Movement of*

# Retreats for Women

By MARGARET CHANLER

"NOW Moses fed the sheep of Jethro his father-in-law, the priest of Midian: and he drove the flock to the inner parts of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, Horeb. And the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he saw that the bush was on fire and was not burnt. And Moses said: 'I will go and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt.' And when the Lord saw that he went forward to see, he called to him out of the midst of the bush, and said: 'Moses, Moses.' And he answered: 'Here I am.' And he said: 'Come not nigh hither, put off the shoes from thy feet: for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.'

"Then Moses was told he must take the children of Israel out of Egypt. . . . And Moses said to God: 'Lo, I shall go to the children of Israel and say to them: The God of your fathers hath sent me to you. If they should say to me: What is his name? what shall I say to them?' God said to Moses: 'I AM WHO AM.'" (Exodus 3-)

It is a far cry from Moses and the Burning Bush to the forthcoming Congress of the National Laywomen's Retreat Movement, but step by step, link by link, there is an unbroken connection between them.

Prophets and saints have all and always known that from time to time they must go into silence and solitude to find their souls, to learn what God asked of them and plan their way to work His will. With them the call was so strong and so natural that they sought the desert as naturally as the river flows into the sea.

They are far above us and it seems presumptuous for us, humble sheep of the great flock, to believe that we share their spiritual needs as they share our humanity. But with an immeasurably smaller capacity or talent for achieving holiness, we too have

souls created to enjoy the Presence of God, as the smallest wayside plant needs its share of sunshine no less than does the mighty oak or the cedar of Lebanon.

Even worldlings and unbelievers feel from time to time that they "would shake off this burr of the world." We all want an occasional respite from life's turmoil, its cross-currents of joy and sorrow, hope and fear. Caught in the web of endless complications, we need peace and wider horizons if only for a little space. Physicians send their patients to the desert to cure them of their physical ills; the spiritual desert is just as healing to the spirit.

The Church in her wisdom prescribes retreats at stated periods for priests and religious. They would seem almost as necessary for the less privileged Christians living in the world, but to these they are only offered by the generous Mother: one of her many treasures that may be had for the asking.

Most religious orders have always practiced hospitality as a part of their duty and calling. Throughout the Middle Ages the great abbeys had their guesthouses in which wayfarers were made welcome. These were indeed monastic roadhouses on the much-traveled pilgrimage route to Compostella and on the crusaders' way home from Syria and Palestine.

At Monte Vergine in the mountains near Naples an ancient shrine dedicated to the Mother of God is still held in high honor by the people in those parts who make frequent pilgrimages there, walking long distances on foot, approaching the church on their knees. It has for centuries been in charge of White Benedictines, whose monastery adjoins the church. Here we saw the tomb of two French crusaders, brothers who visited the shrine on their way home from Palestine. They found the place so beautiful and the company

of the good monks so much to their liking that they went no further and remained at Monte Vergine to the end of their days without ever becoming monks.

When Saint Ignatius crystallized his memorable retreat at Manresa into the famous Spiritual Exercises he gave a permanent form to the method of conducting retreats. He made of them a literal exercise or training for the powers of the soul: the will, the memory and the understanding. They have remained, as it were, the scheme and backbone of retreats to the present day. They were intended to last for a month, and occasionally do so still in some religious orders. For the laity they are condensed to what may be accomplished in a week, five days, or a week-end. But even so the great Ignatian pattern still survives in attenuated form.

AS HAS been said, all but the strictly cloistered orders have encouraged men and women to avail themselves of their hospitality, have allowed them to seek refuge in the peace of their convents when their souls needed rest from the world. Guests were cordially received, help, advice and instruction were given when asked for, while the Community went on with its own work. We hear of no formal retreats for the laity before the Counter Reformation; but it became more and more usual for men and women of good will and religious aspirations to leave the world from time to time and spend a few days in a religious house, apart from the Community, to pray and meditate as the spirit led them. As the custom gained favor it became necessary to organize the practice.

Various religious orders took up the good work—the Visitation and the Sacred Heart, among others; but not till 1826 was a religious congregation founded for the definite purpose of

giving retreats for laywomen. It came to be known as "Our Lady of the Cenacle," in memory of the Upper Room where the Apostles, in the company of Our Lady, waited for the coming of the Holy Spirit. The foundation grew out of a simple necessity, a small vigorous seed that has grown into a great plant with many fruitful branches. Let me tell you the story: it has the charm of a legend.

**O**N A mountain top in southeastern France, commanding a view of rugged countryside from 4000 feet above sea level sits La Louvesc. This tiny village is a magnet which all through the summer months draws scores of hot, dusty, footsore pilgrims to visit the tomb of Saint John Francis Regis at the top of the hill, to ask for favors.

The Abbé Jean Pierre Etienne Terme, missionary priest charged with ministering to the spiritual needs of these people of the roads, was faced with a serious housing problem. The absence of adequate sleeping quarters for women prompted the Abbé to establish a hostel for their use. To direct it he appointed Marie Victoire Thérèse Couderc, a young religious of twenty-three years, who soon transformed what was at first a rather noisy house of hospitality into a house of quiet retreats. To the simple accommoda-

tions offered the pilgrims was added spiritual food in the form of books, instructions and subjects of meditation, to help them find profit in the days of their pilgrimage. The seed was planted in the furrow; it was speedily to grow.

In the following year Father Terme went to Vals, to make for the first time a retreat according to the method of Saint Ignatius. He returned to La Louvesc a retreat enthusiast. Having given the Exercises to the Sisters, he ordered them, to their terrified astonishment, to give these same Exercises to the guests who happened to be in the house. These were simple country folk who at first said gruffly that they did not know how to meditate, and presently surprised the Sisters by their fervor, not only in making the retreat themselves but in telling others about it.

So many came that more quarters had to be provided—other houses acquired for their accommodation. The new Congregation was officially established to assure the continuance of laywomen's retreats. Each new retreat house was called a Cenacle. The first Superior-General or Foundress was the young religious of La Louvesc, Mother Marie Victoire Thérèse Couderc. The order now has houses all over the world—there are seven of them in the United States.

Laywomen's retreats have grown so popular in this country that there

is now a National Laywomen's Retreat Movement that meets in conference every two years. It will hold its 1939 Congress on the first three days of the coming July at the Hotel Commodore in New York, sponsored by the St. Regis Cenacle of that city. This is indeed a long, long way from Mount Horeb and the Burning Bush; but do not forget that the aim is the same: to draw us apart from the world, to take the children of Israel out of Egypt, to make us realize the spiritual value of a closed retreat.

**W**HAT a privilege for us who live in a world of which the tempo has become so incredibly accelerated, for us who have not been called to the religious life, to be allowed to share it in a measure. What a relief to leave behind us the pressure and hubbub, the insoluble problems and crowded moments that seem to make up reality but are in reality not real. The moments are real that we throw away upon nothingness, they flash by us, but not—as Mother Janet Stuart observed—without "engraving, recording and sculpturing the things of the future on our souls." Our souls are real in the darkness of our forgetfulness. God alone is the Ultimate Reality. Saint Catherine of Siena heard His voice say: "I am He that is; thou art she that is not." God still speaks to souls in solitude.



*Sponsors of the 1939 Congress of the National Laywomen's Retreat Movement are the Religious of the Cenacle. Shown here are the grounds of the New York Cenacle of St. Regis*

# The SIGN-POST

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

## Complete List of Popes

Will you publish a list of all the Popes and their nationalities from the time of St. Peter?—R. D., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

It would require too much space in this department to print a list of all the Popes. We refer you to books of reference, such as *The Franciscan Almanac* (1939), which gives the complete list of Popes and their birthplaces on pages 60-64. This may be had for 75 cents.

## St. Augustine Not Formally Canonized

Please let me know where and when St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, was formally beatified and canonized. I find no mention of any formal process of canonization in his regard in *The Catholic Encyclopedia*.—W. P., ST. LOUIS, MO.

The formal process of canonization, in which the final judgment was reserved to the Roman Pontiff, was not in force until the latter part of the twelfth century under Alexander III. St. Augustine, who died in 430, A. D., was canonized by popular acclaim, with the approval of the Church, like so many other saints before the formal process was instituted.

## Fascist Countries: Cardinal Innitzer: Vatican and China, Ethiopia: General Franco

Why are the Fascist countries Catholic and vice versa? Why did Cardinal Innitzer give the Nazis such a rousing welcome in Catholic Vienna? Why does the Vatican officially support the Japanese conquest of China? Why did not the Vatican oppose Mussolini's conquest of Ethiopia? If General Franco is not a baby-bombing killer, why does he bomb civilian populations?—J. J., LOUISVILLE, KY.

These questions, as you advise, appeared in letters to the editor of your local newspaper. They reveal the effect of false propaganda directed by left-wing sources either consciously or unconsciously favorable to Communism. It must be remembered that in Communist

thought anyone who opposes Communism is a Fascist. Americans, therefore, who oppose Communism are Fascist. As a matter of fact, the only true Fascist country is Italy. Germany is National Socialist. Germany before the Anschluss was two-thirds Protestant. Ireland is a country over 90% Catholic, but it is democratic, not Fascist. France, a Catholic country, at least nominally, is listed among the great "democracies." Cardinal Innitzer did not give the Nazis a "rousing" welcome. He gave them a subdued welcome, for in his opinion it was the prudent thing to do. The Vatican does not support the Japanese invasion of China. Pope Pius XI indirectly objected to the Italian conquest of Ethiopia, which was as far as he could go. We should remember that many people object to the Church being "in politics." General Franco has been maligned beyond measure. The charge about his being a "baby killer" is a product of the lie-factory.

## Borah Resolution

Would you please publish the substance of the Borah Resolution regarding the persecution of Catholics in Mexico, and the reasons for its not being passed?—D. L. R., ALLIANCE, NEB.

The closing paragraphs of the Borah Resolution, introduced into the U. S. Senate in January, 1935, on the religious persecution in Mexico follow:

"RESOLVED, That the Senate of the United States deems it fitting and proper to protest the anti-religious campaign and practices of the present rulers of Mexico; and that it views with the gravest concern such ruthless persecution of helpless men and women who have become the innocent victims of such persecution; be it further

"RESOLVED, That it strongly condemns the cruelties and brutalities that have accompanied the campaign of the present Mexican Government against the profession of religious beliefs by our nationals of all religious faiths now domiciled in Mexico; be it further

"RESOLVED, That it calls upon the Government of Mexico in the name of humanity to cease denying



fundamental and inalienable rights to those of our nationals who may be resident in Mexico regardless of religious convictions; and be it further

"RESOLVED, That the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States Senate, or a sub-committee thereof, be authorized to conduct hearings and receive evidence as may be presented relating to religious persecution and anti-religious compulsion and agitation in Mexico for the purpose of determining the policy of the United States in reference to this vital problem and in what way we may best serve the cause of tolerance and religious freedom."

This Resolution died a natural death because not enough popular support could be aroused in favor of it, though the Knights of Columbus worked hard to this end. It was quite generally understood that the Administration was against the Resolution. The persecution was directed by a "friendly" country, and besides it was visited on Catholics.

### Coronation Mass

*I would like to know what chapters and verses were read as the Epistle and Gospel at the coronation Mass.—J. D., NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.*

We presume that you refer to the coronation of the Pope. The Roman Missal says that on the days of the election and coronation of the Pope, and on the anniversary of those days, the Mass of the Feast of the Chair of St. Peter at Rome (January 18) is said. The Epistle of this Mass is from 1 Peter 1:17, and the Gospel from Matt. 16:13-19.

### Hitler's Religion

*Will you kindly give me the facts as to Adolph Hitler's religion?—J. H., JERSEY CITY, N. J.*

He was baptized and brought up a Catholic but he has practically apostatized from the Catholic religion. He is now the object of almost a religious worship by many of his followers in the new religion of Germanism, which is based on the mystical superiority of Aryan blood.

### Why More Saints?

*Why does the Roman Church continue to canonize new saints, when it has hundreds of saints who were during their lives perfect models of every existent virtue; when it obviously does not help spiritually the person sainted, and when a good deal of time is consumed and money spent during the process of canonization?—J. T., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.*

The Catholic and Roman Church will continue to canonize saints as long as this world endures because she is holy, not only in her Founder, institutions and doctrines, but also in her children. "By their fruits you shall know them." Those of the faithful who surpass the ordinary members of the Church by the exalted quality of their virtues will always be recognized by some of their less holy brethren and the latter will endeavor to have the former's virtues known throughout the world. The beginning of the process of canonization is not from the Church but from the faithful. The Roman Pontiff puts the seal of approval on the devo-

tion of the faithful to a holy person only after a searching process of investigation and confirmation by God through miracles. The more saints there are, the more God is glorified, for after all the canonization of saints means making infallibly known to the world that the sainted one is a worthy fruit of God's grace. Would you say that God should not be so magnified in His most precious work among creatures? And is there not a proof of the Church's divinity for every age in the multiplication of saints? The Church which produces saints is the work of God.

### Rosicrucian Brotherhood

*What is the Rosicrucian Brotherhood of San Jose, Cal., and is there anything detrimental to Catholics in joining it?—J. J. K., ALLSTON, MASS.*

The Rosicrucian Brotherhood is an occult, cabalistic, theosophical society covered with a very thin veneer of pseudo-science and possessed of a most extraordinary pretense. The Brotherhood claims to be in possession of "arcane" (secret) knowledge and the most wonderful powers—how to enable you to rise above human limitations, for instance. The Order is very clever in the art of advertising. The hidden revelations and pretentious powers claimed for this sect are pure humbug. No man of common sense would pay any attention to their absurd claims. Of course it is harmful for Catholics to be associated with such an outfit, if for no other reason than that they are throwing their money away. Their religious notions are almost entirely erroneous when not pernicious. Catholics will be interested in a new booklet, *A Catholic Looks at Rosicrucianism*, by Hubert Vecchierello, O.F.M., Ph.D., which treats of the obscure origins and extraordinary pretensions of this peculiar group. It shows the absurdity of the latter and warns Catholics against their wiles. It may be obtained through THE SIGN for twenty-five cents, postage three cents.

### Rebellion of Lucifer: Scope of Infallibility

*(1) Where has the rebellion of Lucifer, Mephistopheles and the like been revealed to man? (2) The Vicar of Christ when he teaches ex cathedra is immune from error. Can the Pope pronounce an ex cathedra statement on any given narrative found in the Revealed Word of God, or does his positive infallibility cover only the deposit of faith?—C. A. B., HOBOKEN, N. J.*

(1) The classic source of revelation about the revolt of Lucifer or the Devil in Heaven is Chapter 12 of the Apocalypse, verses 7-9. There are several other texts of Holy Scripture which suppose this rebellion, as Our Lord's words, "I saw Satan like lightning falling from heaven" (Luke 10:18), and those of St. Jude, "the angels who kept not their principality but forsook their own habitation, He hath reserved under darkness in everlasting chains, unto the judgment of the great day" (Jude 1:6). Mephistopheles is one of the chief devils of medieval demonology, who is known to modern readers chiefly as the fiend of Goethe's *Faust*.

(2) The question indicates a confused notion of what the "deposit of faith" means. Primarily and directly this deposit embraces all truths formally revealed, and secondarily and indirectly everything which is

necessary to guard, explain and define the deposit. The Roman Pontiff can, therefore, infallibly determine the authenticity and true meaning of Holy Scripture.

### Banns of Marriage

*If the banns of marriage are not published in the bridegroom's parish, would the marriage be invalid? If one of the witnesses is a non-Catholic, would it invalidate the marriage?*—N. Y.

Neither failure to announce the banns nor the presence of a non-Catholic as an official witness would in themselves invalidate a marriage. The Bishop may for good reasons dispense the publication of the banns and also allow a non-Catholic to act as witness, if it would not cause scandal.

### Catholic Marrying Jew

*What stand does the Catholic Church take when one of her children marries into a family of Jewish belief, especially in regard to the religious education of the children?*—N. Y.

The Church most severely forbids Catholics everywhere to enter into marriage with non-Catholics, especially Jews, because of the danger to the faith of the Catholic party and above all to the children that may be born to the marriage. The Church, however, for good and sufficient reasons and with the required guarantees sometimes permits the faithful to marry non-Catholics, baptized and non-baptized. Special reasons must be alleged for marrying Jews, especially the Orthodox. But if a dispensation is granted by the proper authority, it is under the strict guarantee, agreed to by the non-Catholic party, that he will not interfere with the practice of his spouse's faith, and both parties agree that all the children will be brought up in the Catholic religion. For a marriage to be valid where a Catholic is concerned, it is necessary to express matrimonial consent before an authorized priest and at least two witnesses.

### Two Popes at Same Time: Priests Marrying: Marconi Annulment: "Churching"

(1) *Was there a time in the history of the Church when there were two Popes reigning at the same time?*  
 (2) *Were all priests allowed to be married at one time?*  
 (3) *On what grounds was the Marconi-O'Brien marriage declared null by the Church?* (4) *What is the origin of the custom called "churching?"*—H. B., LAWRENCE, MASS.

(1) There has never been, nor can there be, more than one legitimate Pope of the Catholic Church exercising his office at one and the same time, any more than there can be more than one President of the United States at one and the same time. What you probably have in mind is the situation during what is called The Great Western Schism (1378-1417), when there were two or more claimants of the papacy at the same time. But there was only one legitimate Pope, the others being unlawful claimants called anti-popes.

(2) Priests have never been allowed to enter marriage after ordination, but for the first three centuries or so celibacy was not universally obligatory on the clergy;

that is, a man might marry before ordination and exercise his ministry after ordination. The practice in the Latin or Western Church has been for centuries that only those who freely promise to practice celibacy may be ordained, but even now some of the Oriental Churches permit the clergy to marry before taking Sacred Orders.

(3) Their marriage was declared null and void by the Sacred Roman Rota because they placed an express condition to their marriage which was contrary to the substance of marriage, viz., that they agreed to divorce if the marriage turned out unhappily. This condition was against the indissolubility of marriage and hence made it invalid.

(4) The ceremony of churching is a public act of thanksgiving to God for the safe delivery of a new member of the Church. Christians have done this for centuries, in imitation of the Blessed Virgin who visited the temple forty days after the birth of her Divine Son. In the Jewish law a woman was legally "impure" until after her visit to the temple for purification. In the Christian dispensation, however, there is no question of legal "impurity" involved by legitimate childbearing.

### Difference Between Cardinal and Archbishop

*What is the difference, if any, between a Cardinal and an Archbishop?*—J. P., BATH, ME.

Cardinals are the chief counsellors and assistants to the Pope in ruling the whole Church. An Archbishop, besides ruling his own diocese, also presides over a number of other dioceses which comprise an ecclesiastical province. A Cardinal need not be an Archbishop, nor indeed a Bishop. The cardinalate is an ecclesiastical dignity, whereas the Bishopric is of divine origin.

### Number and Nationality of Cardinals

(1) *How is the number of Cardinals determined?* (2) *Why are there more Italian Cardinals than any other nationality?*—H. B., IRVINGTON, N.J.

(1) Cardinals are freely chosen by the Pope from the whole Church. They varied in number throughout the centuries, until Pope Sixtus V in 1586 finally determined that the full college should consist of seventy members.

(2) One reason for the usual preponderance of Italian Cardinals is because the See of Peter is Rome, an Italian see. Had it been in Washington it would not be strange if American Cardinals were in the majority. Besides there is a long tradition for this, as well as a motive of expedience.

### Power of Priest in Confessional

*Please explain the power of the priest in the confessional, whence he derives it and whom he represents.*—N. N.

In the confessional the priest has the power to forgive sins for which the penitent is truly sorry and over which the priest has jurisdiction. He derives this authority from Jesus Christ, Who said to His Apostles, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained" (John 20:21-23). The power

granted to the Apostles did not end with them. Bishops and priests are their lawful successors by virtue of ordination. Christ "sends" priests as He "sent" the Apostles—to forgive sins in His name and by His authority. Hence they are the representatives of Jesus Christ. In order for a priest to forgive sins or to retain them, it is necessary that he know them. Hence the necessity of confession. In vain would Christ have given the power of absolution, if the faithful were not obliged to confess their sins. Just as a civil judge must know the case thoroughly before passing sentence, so the priest must know the number and gravity of the penitent's sins before granting or refusing absolution. "The absolution of the priest," says the Council of Trent, "is not a bare ministry only, whether of announcing the Gospel, or of declaring that sins are forgiven, but it is after the manner of a judicial act whereby sentence is pronounced by the priest as judge."

### Pastor Chiniquy

*Will you kindly give some information about Pastor Chiniquy, author of an attack on the Catholic Church entitled "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome?"—C. C. T., PITTSBURGH, PA.*

Pastor Chiniquy was the author of two books, the one mentioned above and another entitled, *The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional*. The allegations contained in these books have been effectively answered by the Rev. Sydney Smith, S.J., in Pamphlet No. 74 of the Catholic Truth Series, which may be obtained from The Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo., if it is still available.

Here is a brief outline of the life of Pastor Chiniquy. He was ordained a priest by Archbishop Signaie of Quebec, September 21, 1833. Later he left the diocese and attempted to join a religious community, in order to escape condemnation for a sin against morals. He left the community after thirteen months. He was then given another chance in the Diocese of Montreal. In answer to the appeal of Bishop Vandeveld of Chicago for French-speaking priests to labor among the Canadian immigrants, Father Chiniquy went to Chicago. On the way he stopped in Detroit, which he had to leave in a hurry because the Bishop of Detroit was going to take action against him for immorality. On September 27, 1851, the Bishop of Montreal withdrew Father Chiniquy's faculties because of his immoral conduct. He convinced the Bishop that he was repentant and was given permission to return to Chicago. On August 9, 1856, he was suspended by Bishop O'Reagan for immorality and on September 3 he was excommunicated by the Bishop for exercising his functions in spite of an interdict. In 1860 Chiniquy and his followers were received into the Presbyterian Church by the Presbyterian Synod of Chicago, but he was later expelled from the Church because of frauds in connection with the raising of funds. In 1864 he married his housekeeper. From this outline one is able to judge of the character of the author of *Fifty Years in the Church of Rome*. Our Sunday Visitor, Huntington, Ind., publishes a book, *Defamers of the Church*, which gives biographical details of Father Chiniquy and others like him.



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

### PLEASED WITH NEW FORMAT

#### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

THE SIGN in "New Dress" for May 1939 is most pleasing to me.

Having been identified with the printed word in one manner or other for several years, I always appreciate a good printing job.

The new type selection in the May issue improves the appearance of your publication and is much easier to read. I note, too, that the white paper stock in the current issue is another improvement. The layout, make-up, heads and illustrations all speak of a new achievement accomplished by you and your staff.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

JOSEPH F. HEALY.

I desire to send to THE SIGN and its editors a word of very cordial congratulations on another step forward.

You have reason to be proud of its appearance in its new type, its art and the content of the magazine. You have placed THE SIGN in the first rank of our American monthlies.

My word is: *Prospera, procede et regna!*

ALTOONA, PA.

MSGR. MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

Congratulations on the new dress of your already superb magazine. Words fail to describe my enthusiasm for its contents, which remain at such an unchangingly high standard; and the fact that it is kept abreast of the times increases its value a hundredfold.

My sincerest wishes that THE SIGN will become more widely known, so that the work which it supports will thrive beyond your fondest expectations.

UPPER DARBY, PA.

AGNES C. DORNISCH.

I have always enjoyed THE SIGN immensely but this month's issue deserves a letter of sincere praise and appreciation from me. The new make-up as well as the wealth of interesting reading material make it the finest issue ever published, and this is saying a great deal as your splendid publication has always been a fine periodical. I feel the comments on the Stage and Motion Pictures will aid many Catholics in choosing wholesome entertainment. There are many other fine departments too but I will end this letter in a simple statement of thanks and a humble prayer that your worthy efforts may be rewarded.

MALBA, N. Y.

RICHARD STEARNS.



Let me swell the volume of your fan mail by telling you how very pleased I am with your new type. My guess is that you will find a marked increase in your subscribers as a result. I was particularly pleased by the article "Charity Behind the Wheel" (not least of all by the drawing depicting the reckless driver, the guardian angel and St. Christopher).

I like and feel that I can depend upon Mr. Woodruff, Dr. Thorning and Father Owen B. McGuire. They make *THE SIGN* very readable and valuable to me.

CHEVY CHASE, D.C. (REV.) CHARLES D. GORMAN.

Just a line to say a thousand congratulations on the beautiful appearance of the new issue of *THE SIGN*. I think it justifies all your hopes for it and certainly many of the innovations are a great improvement. I found the magazine delightful reading from cover to cover.

"Charity Behind the Wheel" by Mary Perkins was a grand article!

NEW YORK.

HELEN WALKER HOMAN.

A thousand congratulations on the improvements in *THE SIGN*. Every modification is attractive.

EMMITSBURG, MD. (REV.) JOSEPH F. THORNING.

Congratulations on the new make-up of *THE SIGN*. Fine! Such progress is bound to influence other periodicals.

EPWORTH, IOWA. (REV.) WILLIAM M. HOLUB.

*Editor's Note:* The above are a few of the many letters received in praise of the improvements initiated with the May issue of *THE SIGN*. Limited space prevents the publication of more. The editors wish to thank all our many friends for their kind letters of praise and congratulation.

## THE DOLLAR-POUND WAR

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

In Mr. Douglas Woodruff's interesting and enlightening article—"Europe: Home of Crises"—in *THE SIGN* for May, he fails to mention one of the chief contributory causes which have led to the present European situation. Probably this oversight was due to the fact that this crisis originated not in Europe, but in Washington.

During the first days of the Economic Congress in London in 1933, President Roosevelt did a right-about-face and repudiated the man he had sent over from America to represent him, thereby wrecking all hope of stabilizing world currencies at that time.

In the Dollar-Pound War which followed, America and England had to keep one first-class power on gold so that its currency might be used as a yard-stick to measure the fluctuating value of the Dollar against the Pound. To France fell this unfortunate role. The American and English stabilization funds kept the franc at the gold parity, causing a rise of upwards of 40 per cent in the price of French goods in the world markets when compared with depreciated Dollar-Pound prices. This resulted in loss of export trade, followed naturally by shrinkage of internal trade, business stag-

nation and unemployment, and paved the way for the success of the Popular Front in 1936—a calamity which Mr. Woodruff speaks of as "the supreme disaster of post-war French history."

By 1937, America had cornered the world supply of gold—but England had succeeded in having forty-odd countries tie their currencies to the unbacked Pound. After four and a half years of world wreckage the Dollar-Pound War had resulted in a stalemate!

In December 1937 a truce was called, and a temporary Dollar-Pound parity was decided upon. France was now allowed to devalue and bring her money in line with that of America and England—but too late to save her. The battle of the Dollar and the Pound had left her, the disinterested spectator, a second-class power.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

HUBERT OSBORNE.

## REVIEW OF "REBECCA"

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

I wish to thank you for the splendid review of *Rebecca* which appeared on the women's page of the May issue of *THE SIGN*.

Although I diligently searched for a review of the book, I was unable to find any in a Catholic magazine. The book has been talked of so much that I was eager to see what a Catholic reviewer would say of it. I agree with Miss Burton that it is a rather clever mystery yarn with atrocious ethics.

I would also like to add my thanks for that splendid article on "The New Spain" by Rev. Owen B. McGuire. It proves that we Catholics were right in backing Franco.

ALBANY, N. Y.

ANN M. EBELHEISER.

## CORRECTION ON ANGELUS QUESTIONS

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

I always read *THE SIGN*. Your answer in "THE SIGN-POST" in the March number: "Standing during the Angelus" was correct in the time of Benedict XIV, but is out of date since the days of Pius XI.

The last word on Indulgences is found in *Preces et Pia Opera Indulgentiis Ditata*, published in 1937 by order of Pope Pius XI. Pages 201-203 where this matter is treated put no such conditions as standing during the recitation of the Angelus or the Salva Regina, not even "at the ringing of the bell."

Your question: "Why is the Angelus generally neglected in this country?" is best answered by another: "Why do not the clergy practice and preach it?"

RENSSELAER, N. Y.

JOHN F. GLAVIN.

## FRANCO AND SPAIN

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

Your interesting monthly, *THE SIGN*, to which I have been a subscriber for some years past, and which I read with profit and deep interest, has contained some of the best articles in respect to Franco and his fight in Spain, in the interest of the Catholic Church and civilization and against the Reds in Spain, that I have found in any Catholic paper.

As to our secular press in the United States, it has either suppressed the facts or misrepresented them, as if Franco were fighting as a dictator against *true democracy* in Spain.

If more Catholics read *THE SIGN*, or such other Catholic papers as have given us the truth in respect to Spain, there would be much less ignorance among Catholics on this subject. I find, however, that the truth in respect to the civil war in Spain is slowly coming out, even from non-Catholic sources.

ST. LOUIS COUNTY, MO.

PAUL BAKEWELL.

## IRELAND A NATION

### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I read with interest and admiration Miss Brennan's article, "Ireland A Nation" in the March issue of your publication and I think it came closer to describing the Ireland of today than anything I have read on that subject in a long time.

The Ireland of today is a vastly different country from that of twenty-five years ago. The standard of living is lower than that of many more prosperous nations because Ireland is undergoing a complete change in her social and economic structure.

Ireland today is progressive in more ways than one. Gone forever is the feeling of serfdom that clutched the heart of the peasant in days gone by. Today every man walks the road looking his own height, confident in the realization that he is master of his own house. No longer does he have to walk timidly into the land-agent's office, cap in hand begging for a few more months so that he may be able to raise enough money to meet the exorbitant demands of his tormenter. Gone too is the landlord and the land-grabber, the "peeler" and the bailiff.

Travel around the country and you can see the unmistakable signs of progress; where once a thatched cabin stood now rises a cottage of concrete and tile, well ventilated and fit for any man to live in. Great roads of concrete take the place of the rutted, ill-kept boroens that I remember as a boy, and most important of all, the people are conscious of the fact that in order to be completely independent they must create industries to supply the demands of a nation on the march. Many of Ireland's unemployed are being absorbed in this really important phase of its development but many are forced to seek employment in England.

Be that as it may, one cannot lay the blame for it on Mr. De Valera's doorstep. He could make huge appropriations tomorrow for various projects but any such appropriations would mean a marked increase in taxation and the business people and farmers just would not stand for it, because they realize that it would ruin the country inside of ten years—and you may be sure that the government realizes it also. One of our failings as Irishmen here in America is the fact that we are prone unjustly to criticize the actions and methods of the Irish people in ordering their affairs. They resent any such criticism and consider it a form of meddling in other people's business.

Of course Ireland can never be considered completely free until the "border" question is ironed out. As everybody knows, Ulster is geographically a part of ancient Ireland and all the acts of parliament in the

world cannot change that fact. Equally, everyone knows that the puppet government of the North is directly subsidized by the British Government in order to maintain a foot-hold in Ireland. But as events of the past few weeks indicate, that foot-hold is becoming a severe headache for England. Plainly it is only a matter of time until "Ireland will again be free from the center to the sea."

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, N. Y. TIMOTHY F. HARTE.

## WEDNESDAY OF HOLY WEEK

### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

According to the Lenten Regulations of the Diocese of Brooklyn (*The Tablet*, Feb. 18, 1939), Wednesday of Holy Week is not a day of abstinence. I desire to bring this point forward because your answer in the May issue of *THE SIGN*, page 624, says that "all Wednesdays in Lent are days of fast and abstinence."

NEWBURGH, N. Y.

J. J. SMITH.

Editor's Note: Until a couple of years ago, it was quite generally held that Wednesday of Holy Week was a day of fast and abstinence, but the matter has now been clarified, with the result that it is not regarded as a day of abstinence.

## THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M.J.A., Jeannette, Pa.; R.C.F., Florida; M.C., Duluth, Minn.; G.H., Elizabeth, N.J.; K.A., Pavilion, N.Y.; D.J.B., New Brunswick, N.J.; M.A., Mt. Vernon, N.Y.; M.H.B., Albany, N.Y.; C.V., Baltimore, Md.; A.D., Athens, Pa.; A.C.B., Overlea, Md.; H.McC., Union City, N.J.; A.M.E., Augusta, Ga.; M.H., Stemmers Run, Md.; M.C.M., Norwich, Conn.; M.T.F., Roslindale, Mass.; M.D.F., Chicago, Ill.; K.C.M., Norwich, Conn.

## GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Sacred Heart, S.M.E., Boston, Mass.; Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, S.S., Sewickley, Pa.; St. Anthony, A.D., Scranton, Pa.; Holy Souls, M.S.P., Lowell, Mass.; Sacred Heart, M.C.K., Louisville, Ky.; St. Anthony, A.M.G., Flushing, L.I., N.Y.; Souls in Purgatory, R.A.C., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, M.McA., New Rochelle, N.Y.; Little Flower, M.B.P., Covington, Ky.; Poor Souls, M.J.M., Baltimore, Md.; Poor Souls, S.M.F., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sacred Heart, B.Z., St. Louis, Mo.; Sacred Heart, J.C., Ozone Park, L.I.; Our Lady of Perpetual Help, J.M.K., Manchester, N.H.; Sacred Heart, C.T.W., Narbeth, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, M.J.P., Kansas City, Mo.; Souls in Purgatory, A.W., Whitesboro, N.Y.; St. Philomena, A.P., New York, N.Y.; Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, St. Anne, St. Rita, St. Teresa, St. Francis, St. Alphonsus, St. Benedict, St. Anthony, St. Philip, St. Dominick, St. Bernard, St. Elizabeth, M.H., Stemmers Run, Md.; Poor Souls, B.S., St. Louis, Mo.; Poor Souls, W.C.N., Philadelphia, Pa.; Sacred Heart, C.F., Cliffside, N.J.; Sorrowful Mother, L.B., South Norwood, Ohio; Jesus, Mary and Joseph, E.M.B., Pittsburgh, Pa.; G.G., New York, N.Y.; A.H., Trenton, N.J.; J.M., New Rochelle, N.Y.; M.C., Elizabeth, N.J.; E.M.H., Hopkinton, Mass.; M.W., Union City, N.J.; M.W.O.B., Elizabeth, N.J.; A.S., Corning, N.Y.; M.E.K., Cleveland, O.; S.F.C., Chicopee Falls, Mass.; C.B.I., Elizabeth, N.J.; M.I.O., Cleveland, O.

# CATEGORICA •

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE  
LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH  
THE EYES OF OTHERS

## A Surprise Visit

• AMONG THE MANY *delightfully human stories, in the "Father Mathew Record," of the late Pope Pius XI is one which reveals his sense of humor:*

It is told that a surprise came to the Vatican one day, away back in 1929, when Signor Mussolini had resolved to end the quarrel between the Holy See and the State of Italy; the conventions of that time were broken, and an envoy from the Italian State came directly to the Papal doors.

All the time when the Popes were prisoners of the Vatican, nothing like this direct approach had occurred. The Cardinal Secretary of State, even he, that consummate diplomat, was embarrassed. He went to the Pope.

"Your Holiness, a courier from the King of Italy asks for audience. What answer must I give?"

"Well, my dear Cardinal Gasparri,"—so the Pope is said to have answered, "at least we cannot say that we are not at home."

## Not Hoover Who Died

• THE CARE that must be taken in broadcasting news is evidenced by the following from "For Further Details" in "Collier's":

Here is something to notice when you are listening to a news broadcast. The announcer uses pronouns sparingly. If he is talking about President Roosevelt, every time he mentions his subject he does not say "he" or "him" but refers to "The President" or "Mr. Roosevelt." NBC and Columbia set the pace in this and it is now being taken up generally. Why? It is because listeners may tune in after the program has started and may not know whom the announcer is talking about. Columbia found this out when they aired a bulletin reading "William N. Doak, Secretary of Labor in the Cabinet of President Herbert Hoover, died today in Washington."

This brief announcement immediately brought in a flock of phone calls to the Columbia studios. The callers wanted to confirm the report of Hoover's death. They had tuned in their radios at the split second when the Ex-president's name was mentioned.

## From Mass to the Supreme Court

• BLISS PERRY, in his biography "And Gladly Teach" recalls Ex-president Cleveland's own account of an impression made on him by a devout Catholic:

His account of how his attention was first drawn to Senator White of Louisiana, whom he appointed to

the Supreme Court, had the simplicity of a Sunday School story. The President, with a group of Senators was spending Sunday in Delaware at the home of Senator Bayard. As the party broke up on Saturday night, Mr. Cleveland overheard Senator White asking Mr. Bayard if there was a Catholic church in the neighborhood, as in that case he wished to attend early Mass on Sunday morning. "I made up my mind," said Mr. Cleveland to me, "that there was a man who was going to do what he thought was right. And when a vacancy came, I put him on the Supreme Court."

## Preparedness

• WEARY OF DETAILING REASONS for lost sales each month to the Manager, one wag—according to "Ediphone"—wrote his report for a year in advance:

January: Everybody taking inventory. See them after the first of—

February: Weather (too cold or too warm—take your choice). Customers haven't moved winter stocks. See them in—

March: Getting ready for Spring business. Expect season to be late. See them in—

April: Floods have ruined business. Will call in—

May: Customers had to mark down Spring merchandise because there wasn't any Spring. Told me to call back after the first of—

June: War scare in the Sahara Desert hurting trade. Asked me to call back after the fourth of—

July: Everybody went fishing. See them next month.

August: Still fishing. Call after Labor Day.

September: Close-outs on summer merchandise. Will get after them in early part of—

October: Can't do anything till after election.

November: Election a terrific disappointment. They're unhappy about the whole thing. Will call after the first of—

December: Can't see a soul. Christmas rush. Must call back after New Year's.

## Solving Domestic Problems

• PART OF A RADIO ADDRESS by General Smedley D. Butler appeared in "Listener's Digest." His stress on the American spirit and on our domestic problems is timely:

No other nation will ever dare menace our country so long as it's defended with American spirit. On the 19th of April in 1775 an old gentleman, 80 years old, turned out to defend his home against the British. And he did it, too. He shot three of them, but he in turn was shot, bayoneted and left for dead. But he



wasn't dead. He got up and lived to be 98! That's what I mean by the American spirit. It's a spirit we still have and it is the spirit that will keep our country safe from invasion. Before we go reforming the rest of the world, let's be sure that everybody is getting a square deal at home. Let's be sure that everybody in our country has a fair chance at a job and a decent place to live.

After all, Fascism is just an idea—and airplanes and battleships won't stop people from getting ideas. The only way to beat an idea is with a better idea—the idea of making our own democracy work at home.

If we don't run into the highways and byways of international complications, we can set an example of the efficiency of democracy that even the highest paid propagandists in the world can't combat. And wars—so far as we are concerned—will be at an end!

### Twisted Tongues

- TWISTED TONGUES are not always the result of tongue twisters, as is shown by the following, taken from "Listener's Digest":

Attributed to Harry Von Zell, and not denied by him, is the introduction he is supposed to have given President Hoover some years ago. "And now," said Von Zell confidently, "may I present the President of the United States, Hoobert Herverl!"

Announcer Clyde Kittell did even better (or worse) while introducing a radio address by Pope Pius XI. "We will now take you to Rome," he said, "to hear His Holiness, Pipe Po-ess—I mean, Pipe Po-ess." He stopped, horrified, and tried again. "His Holiness, Pope Pius, speaking from you to Vatican City."

At the 1932 Olympics a Los Angeles announcer called it a "tremendacle spectuous."

A few months ago, Announcer Ben Grauer, not realizing his microphone was "alive," facetiously filled in a station break with, "This is W J Zilch, New York."

### Intolerable Cruelty—Hollywood Style

- HOLLYWOOD's idea of "intolerable cruelty" is described by H. I. Phillips in "The Sun Dial" in the "New York Sun":

Judge—You base this divorce application on charges of intolerable cruelty?

Screen Star (with a long-suffering manner)—Yes, judge, it was beyond all reason.

Judge—Would you mind citing a few instances?

Screen Star—Well, for one thing, he was always dropping burned matches into the goldfish bowl. It unnerved me terribly. I lost twenty pounds in six months.

Judge (very sympathetically)—Don't cry. Just try to compose yourself and go on with your story. What else did this vicious brute do?

Screen Star—He had a habit of complaining if he came home to dinner and found I hadn't prepared anything.

Judge (severely)—He was that kind of a creature, eh?

Screen Star—Yes, judge. He seemed to think he ought to get his meals regularly at home.

Judge—Whatever gave him that idea?

Screen Star—I never could understand.

Judge—Go on. I can stand it.

Screen Star—Well, he wanted the house kept clean, and if I let the beds go three or four days unmade he would glare at me and mutter.

Judge—Why didn't he make the beds himself?

Screen Star—That's what I tried to find out, but he would never give me any good reasons. . . .

Judge—In my many years of experience in the divorce court of California, I have never heard of such outrageous conduct. Go on.

Screen Star—The straw that broke the camel's back came last month.

Judge—What was that?

Screen Star—He said he didn't love me any more, and at times wished he hadn't married me.

Judge—Imagine a husband using language like that to a wife! What drove him to such a lapse of control?

Screen Star—It was all because I rebuked him for not putting away his shaving things.

Judge (indignantly)—He was the kind of man who didn't put away his things, eh? Decree granted!

Screen Star—Oh, thank you, judge.

Judge—I know brutality when I see it. And, say, before you leave would you be kind enough to autograph a program for me?

### Germany Forgets!

- WHEN WE HEAR of the injustices inflicted on Germany by the Treaty of Versailles it is well to remember that the peace imposed on Russia by Germany at Brest-Litovsk early in 1918 was one of the most unjust ever made. The following is from an article by Allan Nevins in the "New York Times Magazine":

By this peace Russia lost almost one-third of her agricultural land and more than one-third of her population. She lost 54% of her industrial establishments and almost 90% of her coal production. These terms were not dictated merely by generals and political leaders. Beyond all question, a leading part was taken in drafting them by German industrialists, financiers and estate owners, the men who hoped to profit most directly and immediately from these arrogant military conquests. . . .

It is one of the oldest lessons of history that the actions of brute force are followed by reaction; that violent and bloody wrongs are followed by violent and bloody penalties. It has been the fashion for many Germans and their sympathizers to complain of Versailles as if it stood alone. But it will not do to forget that the treaties of Versailles and St. Germain were the direct results of the treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest.

### Life Before 1900

- FROM JOSEPHINE MAC DONALD's interesting Home Page in "Columbia" we take the following:

It seems pretty well authenticated that there were people living more than a hundred years ago; but after reading some figures given by Edith M. Stern in the *Commentator*, you wonder if it isn't only a rumor, and if life didn't really begin about 1900.

Because besides being without telephones, vacuum

cleaners, washing machines, automobiles, airplanes, moving pictures, ether, electric lights and tooth paste, a hundred years ago, here are some of the other essentials to life that were lacking until recently.

There were no prepared breakfast foods until almost 1900, no paper bags before 1871, no carpet sweepers before 1876, no baby carriages until 1848, no spool silk before 1849, no waffle irons before 1868, no condensed milk before 1861, no wrapped soap before 1865, no bicycles before 1860, no rubber tires before 1892, no adhesive tape before 1870, no chewing gum before 1869, no ice cream sodas before 1874, no safety razors until 1901, no flashlights until 1898, no fountain pens until 1880, no book matches until 1896.

And if you still think that people could live without all those things, think this one over: they didn't have any cans or can openers a hundred years ago!

### Temperance—Even in Church

• TEMPERANCE—even in church—should be the motto of the clergyman whose troubles are related by the following Associated Press Dispatch:

A Church of England clergyman asked his parishioners today to be more sparing with the wine at communion services.

The Rev. Leonard Spiller, Vicar of St. Martin's Church in West Acton, a London suburb, wrote in his parish magazine:

"We should be grateful if communicants would take only a tiny sip from the chalice. Three times recently it has been necessary to reconsecrate wine, although plenty of wine was put in the chalice at first. One of the first communicants practically drained the chalice."

### Good Reading

• THE FOLLOWING is one of many amusing stories of her father told by Margaret O'Donovan-Rossa in her recently published book, "My Father and Mother Were Irish":

No story of O'Donovan-Rossa would be complete without a mention of his own little brainchild, *The United Irishman*. This odd and most beloved little newspaper came into existence in 1876.

The subscriptions were called "the rents," the subscribers "the tenants," and mamma was often referred to as "the lady who bosses the editor."

One week papa was totally unable to raise the money for the printer. It looked as if his "tenants" would receive no paper that week, but papa was not daunted. He simply changed the date of the preceding issue and calmly mailed the paper as usual. Within a few days he received the following brief letter from an old subscriber:

"Dear Rossa:

Why is last week's news reprinted in this week's issue?

Yours, MIKE."

To which papa as briefly replied:

"Dear Mike:

You can't read a good thing too often.

ROSSA."

### The Perfect Guest

• APPARENTLY the difficulties of entertaining are not limited to the United States with its two World's Fairs. Someone in "The Cross" (Ireland), wrote this tribute to a thoughtful visitor:

She answered by return of post,  
The invitation of her host;  
She caught the train she said she would,  
And changed at junctions as she should;  
She brought a small and lightish box  
With proper keys to fit its locks,  
Food rich and rare she did not beg,  
But ate the boiled or scrambled egg;  
When offered luke-warm tea she drank it;  
And never craved an extra blanket  
Or extra pillow for her head.  
She seemed to like the spare room bed;  
She brought her own self-filling pen,  
And always went to bed at ten.  
She left no little things behind.  
Save stories new, and gossip kind.

### The Way Arabs Do It

• IN THE "AMERICAN MAGAZINE" Jerome Beatty describes some experiences among the Arabs. Among other amusing ones is the following, which we consider to be one of the best:

Once, in an Arab town, a native came asking for cholera medicine for his mother. Van Ess gave him lead opium pills. The next day Van Ess asked about the pills.

"I threw them away," the Arab said. "When I got home the people had bought a coffin, and since they had gone to all that expense I thought they might as well use it."

The old lady caught on, became properly furious, and decided she'd spite them and live. In a few weeks, without a bit of medical care, she was well, and mightily mad about the whole thing.

### A Stiff Bill

• THERE IS HUMOR still in Germany. A UP dispatch, recently repeated by "Consumers Union Reports," chuckles over a bill sent out by a jokester for a suit made of ersatz material, in which wood fabric had been substituted for the more expensive wool:

	Marks
Suit material chopped down.....	50
Branches trimmed off.....	10
Material planks stained.....	10
Jacket sawed and nailed.....	35
Lapels screwed on and hinged.....	25
Collar polished.....	7
Trousers stained and refurbished.....	38
Buttonholes bored.....	10
Pockets chiseled out.....	10
Wages for mounting.....	5
Total.....	200



# BOOKS



## The Jesuits in the Middle United States

By GILBERT J. GARRAGHAN, S.J., Ph.D.

Father Garraghan's work assuredly stands in the forefront of historical scholarship. After something like twenty-five years of patient investigation and laborious construction, he has finished his masterpiece.

The casual reader may suppose that this work is too limited in scope to have a general appeal. Such a supposition is wrong. The chronicle of the Jesuits is so intimately bound up with the wider historical interests of this section of the nation that it becomes the story of the Middle West itself. The entry of the Jesuits into the St. Louis area in 1823 placed them in the van of the westward movement.

The story is an epochal one of struggle in the wilderness, of trail-breaking, of scouting, of Christianizing the savage and his oftentimes more savage white neighbor. The glitter of such men as Carson, the scout, of McLoughlin, the founder of Oregon, and of Clark, who blazed the Pacific trail, is offset by the more somber but no less worthy figures of Van Quickenborne, Van de Velde and De Smet. Great leaders of national life, such as John C. Calhoun and Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri, cross and recross the pages.

The parish priest toiling among his people is never highlighted on the historical page. Yet his cumulative contribution has had more lasting influence than many a name occupying the pages of the national annals. Secular historians seem content with only the mention of Catholic participation in the national origins. Having read Parkman, they have imbibed just sufficient misinformation to be misled into the belief that there is nothing further to record. Unfortunately, this attitude is transferred into the classroom where virtually a conspiracy of si-

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lence is maintained on the part the Church has played in developing truly American character and institutions. But if the frontier is the cradle of Americanism, then history shows that the Church has done its full share in molding the national culture.

The book under review is a more than satisfying contribution toward filling this void which mars the continuity of our history. The sources have been thoroughly scoured to secure the complete narrative. Practically no secondary writings are used. Diocesan correspondence, educational charters, property deeds, form the basis of the evidence. Letters and records of the internal government of the Jesuit Order run parallel with

documents illustrating the secular complement of that organization. The period up to the end of the Civil War is documented completely. The subsequent years are somewhat compressed.

The binding and format of the book are attractive. The maps are clearly drawn and neatly printed. The index is ample, including over 3,000 items. There are interesting reproductions of original writings and sketches of plans or situations.

*The America Press, N. Y. \$15.00 a set.*

## The Portugal of Salazar

By MICHAEL DERRICK

Despite the silence of the press, in Portugal during the greater part of the last decade, there has been taking place an economic, social and political experiment that may prove to be the perfect mean between liberal-capitalism, now recognized as license-capitalism, and Communism.

The conjecture of this reviewer is that the press has shied away from an experiment that is too uncomfortably based on the Catholic philosophy of life. Michael Derrick has adequately done his part in remedying the situation. This is the first American edition of *The Portugal of Salazar*, which was published in Great Britain during 1938.

The Portugal of today is quite accurately described as the Portugal of Salazar. The Constitution promulgated in March, 1933, after approval by national plebiscite, is the work of the professor who twice reluctantly left the chair of political economy at the University of Coimbra to lead a country that could not seem to dispense with his genius. Thanks to his efforts, *The Times* of London could state on March 13, 1935, that "it is impossible to deny that the economic improvement recorded in Portugal since 1928 is not only without parallel anywhere else but is an achievement for which history can show few precedents."

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Portugal today is organized as a Corporate State. Such a State can be viewed as an economic organization or as a political one. That in Portugal is both economic and political.

Mr. Derrick goes to great pains to contrast Italian Corporativism with that of Portugal, recalling that Salazar once remarked: "Do not, I beg of you, compare the Italian case with Portuguese." In Portugal the Corporation is to be an autonomous body, while in Italy, according to Mussolini's own words, "the Corporation is an organ of the State."

Mr. Derrick has done the English-speaking world a distinctive service in presenting it with this straightforward and competent outline of the Portugal of Salazar. No student of economics, of sociology or of politics, whether he be professional or amateur, can afford to ignore this book.

Campion Books, Ltd., New York, N. Y. \$2.00.

## Economics and Society

By REV. JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

In his compact and interesting book, *Economics and Society*, Father Cronin performs two long-awaited services. The first is that of putting within the covers of one book a clear, readable and penetrating study of all the important economic problems of the day. Father Cronin's second service is that of translating the great social encyclicals into the language of everyday life. Intelligent Catholics who find themselves in puzzled agreement with the papal program can now see how well it fits into the American economic picture. They will be further heartened to see a clear demonstration that the way proposed by the Popes is the only safe way for our country.

*Economics and Society* is especially notable for its studies of the great economic and political systems of the modern world. Individualism, liberal reform, Communism, Fascism, and, above all, Catholic Social Reform receive far more than a cursory treatment. Two full chapters are devoted to an intensive analysis of these philosophies. Furthermore, the treatment of money problems and those of the business depression is unusual for its depth and clarity. The labor chapter is up-to-the-minute, balanced and interesting. Distributism is given sympathetic but critical appraisal.

Because of its many qualities, this book is required reading for the busy priest and religious, as well as for intelligent laymen, Catholic and non-Catholic alike. To the college professor of economics, it is the answer to the puzzling problem of obtaining a textbook at once Catholic and scientific. To book lovers, it contains that rare perfection, a really adequate index.

American Book Company, New York. \$2.50.

## Chosen Races

By MARGARET SOTHERN

Accounts of Jewish persecution by Nazi Germany have been transmitted to us by press and radio. What these accounts mean in terms of human misery is often hidden under the bare recital of statistics. Hence it is left as so often before to a skillful author to bring forth by means of the novel a realization of the suffering caused by oppression. This has been done by Margaret Sothorn in her latest book, *Chosen Races*, the scene of which is laid in modern Germany.

A German school teacher falls in love with a cultured Jew. Since marriage between an Aryan and a Jew is forbidden by law, the lovers are forced to flee from their native land and seek refuge and a home in exile. Their flight is tantamount to an escape.

The heroine and the hero are a rather melancholy pair. The sub-characters however help to lighten somewhat the depressing atmosphere that surrounds the main figures in the tale.

The book is interesting enough as a novel, but performs its best task in portraying the result on sensitive natures of the Nazi program of distorted racialism.

Sheed and Ward, N. Y. \$2.50.

## Sonnets and Verse

By HILAIRE BELLOC

As D. B. Wyndham-Lewis has remarked, we sometimes forget that Hilaire Belloc writes the most distinguished prose of any man living. One might add: "... and the most distinguished poetry." Hugh Walpole calls him "the greatest living English poet." Grain them with salt or swallow them unseasoned—the praises stand.

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By the Rev. André Bremond, S.J.

This examination of rationalism as a religion, by an author who is well known for his writings in both French and English, will enlighten the Catholic reader on the deeper thoughts of his erring, unbelieving fellowmen, and will enable him to better meet their doubts and difficulties in the spirit of intelligent sympathy. It is without doubt a "must" book for every well-informed Catholic. \$1.75

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By the Most Rev. Joseph Gross

Translated by Miss A. B. Teetgen

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## A SHEPHERD AND A KING

By Anne Coyne

Retold for young readers—the inspiring life of the Curé of Ars—Jean Marie Vianney—the humble shepherd lad who became one of Europe's most famous confessors and a saint canonized in our own day. This story may ring strangely on the ears of modern young folks but they will find it one of uncommon appeal. Fictionized, it is told in simple colorful style and is delightfully illustrated.

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self, it is Belloc. The old poems have worn consummately well. The new give similar promise. Quotation is of precept.

As a sonneteer in the Shakespear-ean mode he has rarely been rivalled. Savor this from a sonnet to his wife:

"Because in your Mortality the most  
Of all we may inherit has been  
found—

Children for memory: the Faith  
for pride:

Good land to leave: and young  
Love satisfied."

Social injustice occasions a pas-  
sionate reproach:

"The poor of Jesus Christ whom no  
man hears

Have waited on your vengeance  
much too long.

Wipe out not tears but blood: our  
eyes bleed tears."

Remembering Chesterton and a  
certain autobiographical anecdote,  
one reads with a catching of breath  
the couplet from *Drinking Song*:

"My jolly fat host with your face  
all a-grin,

Come, open the door to us, let us  
come in."

Belloc recaptures the rollicking,  
God-houseling gusto of pre-Refor-  
mation England. His humor is holy;  
his wit, even when it hurts, is styptic

and saving; and sometimes, in the  
midst of his mirth, his eyes grow  
sombre with a vision of Truth and  
his accents file hallowed to heaven.

We echo Hugh Walpole: "Mr.  
Belloc is a very great man. Only  
after his death will it be seen how  
truly great he is."

Sheed & Ward, N. Y. \$2.50.

## From the Four Winds

Selected Poems from "Spirit,"  
a Magazine of Poetry

It is safe to say that *Spirit*, the of-  
ficial organ of the Catholic Poetry  
Society of America, is one of the  
best journals of modern verse to be  
found anywhere today. The editors  
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from verse published during the first  
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tirely religious in theme but all are  
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ity and a proper sense of values.  
They are the work of men and  
women of many creeds, living in  
various parts of the world, who be-  
lieve that the true poet is God-  
possessed and the mongrel poet man-  
obsessed. There is a uniform insis-  
tence on beauty, an adherence to  
form, an absence of crudity and re-  
volt, in this little book. Certainly  
it will be appreciated by many who  
do not ordinarily give themselves  
the "luxury" of reading verse.

If *From the Four Winds* is the  
product of the first five years of  
*Spirit*, we look forward with con-  
siderable optimism to the future of  
Catholic poetry, in our own country  
and elsewhere.

Idlewild Press, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y. \$1.00.

## Showdown in Vienna

By MARTIN FUCHS

*Showdown in Vienna* is a reveal-  
ing, not to say startling, sliver of cur-  
rent history. With detailed precision  
it paints the clouds of disaster,  
which are now familiar, into the  
picture of what was yesterday Aus-  
tria but which is today a suburb of  
Berlin where mad megalomaniacs  
pipe the music of and for a Pan  
Germany.

The sinister figure of Herr von

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Catholic and Ambassador to Vienna,  
plays a featured role. And Von  
Schuschnigg, of course, plays a  
major role. He is indeed a pathetic,  
tragic figure, tricked by his belief  
that a nation would honor her word  
and be guided by the idealisms of  
justice and honor. He was tricked  
by responsible parties in the other  
nations as well. Expedience, not jus-  
tice, guided England, France and  
Italy. They were hopeful witnesses  
at the board when Hitler gestured  
Austria into his Pan Germany.

It may be objected that in the  
time of Bismarck Austria after the  
Franco-Prussian War sought alliance  
with and membership in the Ger-  
man Empire. This move was de-  
feated by Bismarck, who feared a  
Catholic majority in the German  
Reich. But it can be stated that this  
was not the current mentality of  
leaders and representatives of the  
people of Austria in the very re-  
cent yesterday. The possession of  
Austria by Germany remains a rape.

*Showdown in Vienna* is rewarding  
reading to the student of current

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history. And all should be students of current history. The antics of the cavemen who rule the modern world have ways of affecting the lives of all of us too intimately.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y. \$3.00.

### Unsolved Mysteries of the Arctic

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

Here we have the story of five tragic ventures in Arctic exploration. The first takes us back almost a thousand years. Readers will be surprised to learn that the old Greenland Colony was the first democracy in the New World, and Catholics in particular will be pleased to read that their Faith was the religion of this colony.

The second exploration is concerned with the Franklin Expedition, in pre-Civil War times. There were more than one hundred in this party. All died of malnutrition in a land in which Eskimos lived in excellent health. In the next chapter—another pre-Civil War venture—there is disclosed the tragic fate of Thomas Simpson, greatest explorer

of the Northwest Passage. This is a clever study in detection, and the question is, was Simpson shot in cold blood, in self-defense, or did he commit suicide?

Then follows the unique story of a vain attempt to fly over the pole in a balloon as early as 1897! The sad demise of André and his companions came from a most unexpected source. They died of "carbon monoxide asphyxia, or else were frozen while in a state of carbon monoxide coma." The final chapter tells of the recent disappearance of the Soviet Flyers, concerning which little is known.

As is evident, the subject matter is both interesting and instructive. Few living men are as competent as the author upon the subject of Arctic explorations.

The Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$3.50.

### Through Embassy Eyes

By MARTHA DODD

This book on modern Germany by the daughter of our former ambassador, William E. Dodd, is too superficial and prejudiced to be a valuable contribution to an understanding of the Nazi regime.

The book, nevertheless, has gone into five printings since its publication in February. This is a tribute to Miss Dodd's pungency. She has the racy style characteristic of our tabloids and therefore the book makes avid reading for that portion of the American public which likes to be entertained and thrilled regardless of substance or lack of it behind the blurb.

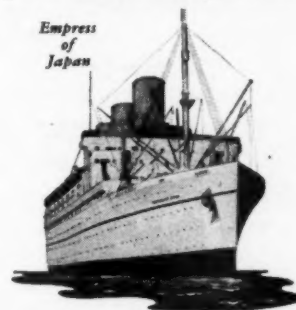
The book is more interesting and valid as a study of the author and of the type of American environment which produces such young women. She herself has a feeling that her judgments are shaky and immature. She is constantly wondering if her readers will think her "callow." The poor girl is a victim of American slap-dash education. She suspects that something is wrong in the very fundamentals of the philosophy of life which has been dished out to her in the public schools and State University and yet she does not know what it is.

The book has a moral, although the author is unaware of it. It is this: Let us teach our youth that democracy is not a matter of mere flag-waving, catchwords and slogans, but

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a theory of life which recognizes respectively and impartially the rights of God, the individual and the state. *Through Embassy Eyes* mirrors not so much the tragedy of a Nazi Germany as it does the tragedy of a half-educated American younger generation.

Harcourt, Brace and Company, N. Y. \$3.00.

## The Meditations of Saint Thomas Aquinas

Edited by REV. E. C. McENIRY

This edition of the *Meditations of Saint Thomas Aquinas* is adapted from a long-respected Latin text. It has been for many years a source of inspiration to the wisely devout. Its rare delicacies of Christian thought, distilled from the heart and the mind of the Angelic Doctor, could be a guide and a stimulant only to those who look to Christianity and hence to a personal Christ for the warmth and the enlightenment which give meaning to the mysteries of life and achievement and realization to vain, unaided, purely personal searchings.

At a time when there is so much sentimental cockle spread out for the feastings of those who would be nourished Christianly, it is relieving to taste the substantial nourishments of Father McEniry's attractively and wisely edited *Meditations of Saint Thomas Aquinas*.

The Rosary Press, Somerset, Ohio. \$3.00.

## SHORTER NOTES

### THIS NETTLE, DANGER

BY PHILIP GIBBS

Sir Philip Gibbs' latest novel is written in the same manner and style as his other novels of recent years. The characters represent various popular attitudes to the events taking place in the modern world. The period treated is the two years preceding the Munich Pact and culminating in that event.

The hero of the story is John Barton, an American newspaperman sent to London to report the European scene for his New York paper. Barton represents the ordinary American reaction to European events. Those with whom he comes in contact in London and in other European capitals represent every variety of European reaction to the ideological and political struggles which for some time now have agitated that unhappy continent.

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Although the fictional element is perhaps too subordinate to the narrative of political developments, the author succeeds in maintaining interest throughout. This novel is well worth reading—either as a piece of fiction or as a chronicle of contemporary history.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., N. Y. \$2.50.

## NAVY MEN

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

James B. Connolly enjoys a well-deserved reputation as a raconteur of adventures of the sea. It is surmised that he has stood on more craft than any other living writer. *Navy Men* records the observations the author made while aboard the vessels of Uncle Sam's sea force. Interest is sustained by a large amount of data little known to the uninitiated—information that most men as men like to possess. There do not appear to be any really objectionable stories or descriptions for the male reading public. Mention of a few uncouth expressions of sea-going men, well known to all adults—not immoral, yet still not in good taste falling from the lips of a genuine lady or gentleman—does not mar the book as a whole.

*Navy Men* is another demonstration of how interesting a book can be written on real life, without having recourse to sordid data. The Navy Department should be pleased and members of the Navy should rejoice at the publication of this book.

The John Day Co., N. Y. \$3.50.

## RELIGION IN A CHANGING WORLD

BY REV. JOHN A. O'BRIEN, PH.D., LL.D.

This book should find an enthusiastic welcome especially among the members of Catholic Study Clubs. Treating of questions vital in importance to those interested in defending the perennial vitality of the Church, it gives a clear, definite and sufficiently developed answer to questions which harass the minds of many twentieth-century Catholics.

## READ

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Dr. O'Brien's erudition, clarity and interesting style are already well known. This book makes a worthy companion to its predecessors.

*Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind.*

#### BY POST TO ROME

By T. J. SHERIDAN, S.J.

This too brief volume is an entertaining approach to a very satisfactory exposition of certain fundamental questions that must of necessity confront the average intellectual convert to the Church. A convert-father writes his present belief on various controversial subjects to his son resident in China. The thread of romance running through the letters, while subdued, is still sufficiently strong to lend interest, while it gives the author opportunity to portray the mind of an up-to-date

modern young woman and her reactions to dogmatic truth. There is fine satire, which expresses in deft strokes a comprehensive diagnosis of the very shallow substitute now in use for religion.

*P. J. Kennedy & Sons, N. Y. \$1.35.*

#### LOOKING ON JESUS

By PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

The simple beauty of this book's mechanical make-up gives no deceptive promises as to the attractiveness of its contents. Father Blakely has poured the liquid gold of the Sunday Gospels into molds of thought so clear-cut, stimulating and practical, that all readers, clergy, religious and laity, should find delight therein.

The author's primary aim, however, has been to seek solutions to various human needs and difficulties, many of them peculiar to our own day. How well he has succeeded is suggested by his choice of a system of study—that of *Looking on Jesus*.

*The America Press, N. Y. \$1.00.*

#### RED SKY AT DAWN

By PHILIP ROONEY

Niall Carolan, Irish seaman on an American merchantman, goes

through a series of adventures upon his first return to his native land since '98. By chance, he is trapped in the company of some ill-natured liquor-smugglers whose real business is a more ghoulish and sinister one than evading the Customs.

Mr. Rooney tells an exciting story in a lilting style and rapid tempo. But his characters are people of little volition, a series of plodding types graphed against a scale of flitting episodes. Their Celticisms and the setting are accidental embellishments. Three hundred pages of light reading.

*P. J. Kennedy and Sons, N. Y. \$2.50.*

### CORRECTION

Through an error in the first of the Shorter Notes in the April issue, page 575, THE CATHOLIC MAGAZINE INDEX was entitled THE CATHOLIC PERIODICAL INDEX.

### THE INDEX

of the 17th volume of THE SIGN—August, 1937 to July, 1938—is now available at ten cents per copy.

This detailed index lists all the books reviewed in THE SIGN during that year.

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## Tree All Beauteous

WITH reverence let us approach Jesus on Calvary, about to be nailed to the cross, and ask Him: "For what purpose?" And He will answer that He is performing an act of obedience, and is going to set up a tree in opposition to the other tree which was made conspicuous through disobedience. Adam tasted the fruit of that tree, and it brought to us *death*. Our Saviour, with compassion, has chosen the tree of the cross, and it brings to us *life*. He pays on a tree the debt contracted by means of a tree. He makes a remedy of the same material whence the poison issued.

See, my soul, and admire the wisdom and the charity of Jesus. The scourges and the thorns would have sufficed, but He has willed also to suffer the cross. He makes use of the most vile thing in the world to perform the most magnificent of His undertakings—that is, our eternal salvation. Yet these mysteries of His cross are hidden from the proud and revealed only to the humble. Thus it is. In the cross are contained the mysteries of truth, of sanctity and of every happiness; but they are not understood except by one who is humble; and if I comprehend little or nothing of the Sacred Passion of Christ it is owing to my pride. I understand something of the exterior Passion, which strikes the imagination, but I understand nothing of the depth and the power of the Passion, which is concealed from the proud.

My Jesus, my God! I ask of Thee true humility, which is the first fruit of Thy cross. If I gain this, everything will be gained. If I reap no other fruit from this meditation, let me at least learn that it is because of my pride that I profit so little by all that I have heard and all that I have read about Thy blessed Passion. I shall detest this vice, reflecting what lights and flames would be kindled in me, if I were humble.

FATHER RAYMUND, C.P.,

ST. MICHAEL'S MONASTERY, DIRECTOR GENERAL  
UNION CITY, N. J.

## GEMMA'S LEAGUE OF PRAYER

BLESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionaries. One should have the general intention of offering these prayers for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, in care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

### SPIRITUAL TREASURY For the Month of May, 1939

Masses said .....	14
Masses Heard .....	6,899
Holy Communions .....	5,576
Visits to B. Sacrament .....	18,618
Spiritual Communion .....	33,116
Benediction Services .....	2,293
Sacrifices, Sufferings .....	15,508
Stations of the Cross .....	5,311
Visits to the Crucifix .....	9,203
Beads of the Five Wounds .....	3,527
Offerings of PP. Blood .....	49,906
Visits to Our Lady .....	9,312
Rosaries .....	12,859
Beads of the Seven Dolors .....	1,751
Ejaculatory Prayers .....	653,960
Hours of Study, Reading .....	7,166
Hours of Labor .....	16,829
Acts of Kindness, Charity .....	14,685
Acts of Zeal .....	22,143
Prayers, Devotions .....	209,849
Hours of Silence .....	9,060
Various Works .....	16,287
Holy Hours .....	145

## Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Ecclus. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

Very Rev. Thomas Egan	Rt. Rev. Msgr. D. F. Desmond
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Michael Dermody	Rev. George A. Weiss
Rev. L. E. Rockwell	Rev. Henry T. Smith
Rev. W. Vincent Walsh	Sr. M. Felicitia (McGuire)
Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J.	Mrs. F. W. Frank
Rev. Ludwig A. Kuznick	Rose Duge
Rev. W. J. Gibson	John Crowley
Rev. D. Joseph Bustin	Mary C. Lavin
Rev. William Paul	Joseph Gasper
Rev. Ambrose Dwyer	Jacob Vogler
Rev. William P. Reidy	Mr. H. J. Hoffsommer
Rev. Edward F. Hillock	Mary McDermott
Rev. John J. Cunniff	Catherine Carney
Rev. Fr. Mahoney	Rose Buckley
Rev. J. F. Mulligan	Mary Stapleton
Rev. E. J. Fields	Mrs. A. Hoey
Mother M. Aloysia (Bansbach)	Mrs. R. J. Cadmus
Mother St. Raymond, R.G.S.	John Thomas McKinney
Sr. Mary Joseph (Chang)	P. M. Noonan
Sr. M. Bernard	Philomena Manley
Sr. M. Adelaide	Mrs. Thomas Tracey
Sister M. Grace (Barr)	John J. McKeon
Sr. Mary Estella	Thomas McDonald
Sr. M. St. Genevieve	Mr. T. F. Brady
Sr. M. St. Fidelis	Joseph Volk
Sr. M. Boniface (Grace)	Arthur Neville
Sr. M. of the Annunciation	Mary Shanahan
(Ryan)	Julia Cummings
Sr. M. Joseph	Charles A. McCullough
William J. McGough	Julia McCarthy
Elizabeth O'Connor	Sarah V. O'Neill
Nellie E. Broderick	William Murray
Kate McGehan	Martha Robeck
Margaret Jane Gray	Henry Cochrane
James J. Sparks	Jane Sheridan
Isabell Weisend	Mary Joyce
Brigid Agnes Maloney	Edward Snyder
Agnes Nugent	Edward Sullivan
Marion A. Rooney	William H. Smith
Bernard R. Gillespie	Mrs. Henry J. Hamilton
Earl R. Stoddard	Mrs. John H. Thoman
John F. Bealand	Catherine Hafey
Conrad Hauser	Margaret F. Ridge
Mrs. J. B. Schmiedler	Annie E. Murphy
Mrs. Helen Maguire	Elizabeth M. Tracy Conley
Catherine E. Ryder	John B. McKeon
Robert Schario	John Crosson
John Butler	Catherine Kozsar
Elvira Doherty	Catherine Leonard
Daniel O'Regan	Patrick Mullarkey
Mr. W. H. Davis	Myles Sweeney
Michael Kennedy	Alice Tiernan
Minnie Purcell	William B. Fallon
Richard J. G. Doelger	Mary McCauley
Stephen A. Bednarik	Paul Humbert
Cora E. Hutchinson	Alice T. Applebee
Nora Sullivan	Joseph P. Courtney
Mary J. Dalton	Emily Claypoole Ward
Michael J. Carroll, Sr.	Mr. Vaughan
Mrs. Robert F. Terrell	Anna L. Hession
John J. Leahy	Anna M. Kelly
Katherine M. Hill	Adeline J. Welch
Ellen Rock	Adeline Riccardi
Emily L. Barnard	Bridget Holahan
George J. McKeon	Michael Fusco
Patrick Wyllie	Joseph Diskin
Michael C. Lynch	Margaret Carson
James Powell	Mary Mulvihill
Frank Flanders	Sophie Grigna
John B. Coughlin	Mary Hamilton
Annie M. Kurtz	James Mullaly
Johanna Haley	Mrs. J. R. Regan
Mary F. Ryan	Mary Bamford
Tom Finnegan	Mrs. F. C. Stines
Mrs. Langan	Julia Adams
Mrs. D. W. Kelley	Margaret McEachern
Minnie Dondoro	Mary Cobb
Mary Frances O'Brien	Helen Gertrude Moran
Catherine Richardson	Mrs. Daniel Ginty
Mr. G. D. Cagliano	Mary A. Stanton
Margaret C. Davidson	Nora McArdle
John E. Davidson	John Wellersbacher
Elizabeth McDonald	Marie D'Arcambal
Mrs. Frank J. Brownrigg	Mrs. J. E. Kinney
Henry K. Larson	Catherine Flannery
Paul Francis Cahill	Ellen A. Clancy
Mrs. Reynolds	Julia Daly
Mrs. Patrick Sullivan	Patrick Cunningham
Henry Sullivan	Mrs. James Webster
Arthur Bouchard	James P. Devine
Thomas Niland	M. Reilly
Mrs. J. G. Gleason	Frank A. Taylor
John J. Walsh	Mary McCassey
Carl Barchfield	Edward Brogan
Mrs. James M. Power	William Tighe
Mrs. E. Hughes	Magdalena Schlachter
John P. Ready	Mary Sandhofer
John Mooney	Margaret Hulton
Elizabeth Wurts	Mary E. O'Neill
Charles J. Moran	Patrick D. Starkey
Leo Mayer	Earl Dunham
Anthony John Cosella	Augusta Hanna
Patrick Weir	Katherine Frances Schuck

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.

—Amen.



# AMONG THOSE REMEMBERED

SOMEONE has well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries.

Whatever you have you owe to Almighty God. It is fitting that gratitude prompt you to provide assistance for one or more of those institutions which are promoting His Kingdom upon earth.

Long after you have departed from this world your charity and generosity will be making possible magnificent achievements for His Cause. Your name will be held in prayerful memory by the zealous and needy missionaries whom you have helped.

Let Our Divine Lord be among those specially remembered when the hour comes for you to leave all that you possess.

\* \* \*

May we, for His honor and glory and for the support of those who are laboring in fields afar, suggest that this definite provision be embodied in your last Will:

*I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of.....(\$        ) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.*

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.

UNION CITY, N. J.



## A Thousand Coffins!

There are only a few Chinese coffins on this page. We would have to picture a thousand coffins to tell of the tragedies of Chihkiang and Chenki, Hunan.

Cables inform us that our Missions there were heavily damaged by Japanese bombs. In Chihkiang alone more than a thousand people were killed.

Imagine the suffering and misery our missionaries are trying to relieve! Please do what you can at once to help them. Send your offering now to:

### **The Hunan Relief Fund**

**The Sign**

**Union City, N. J.**

